

# The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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London  
April 29, 1942



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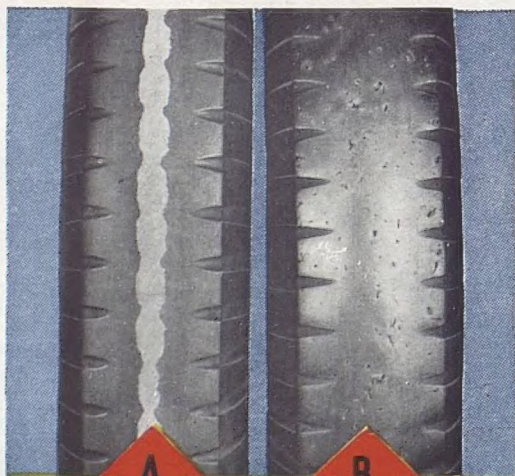
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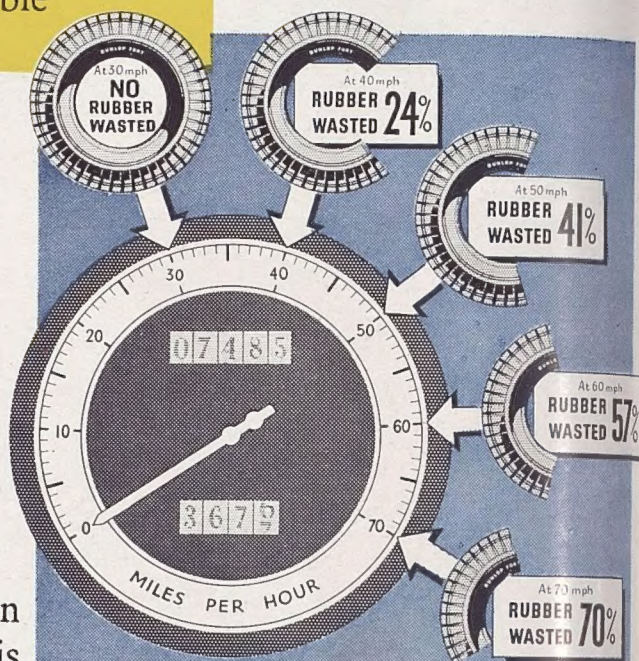
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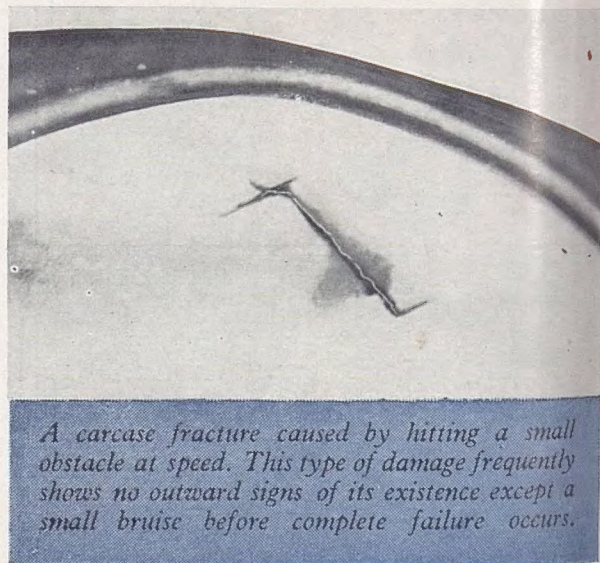
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Studio Lisa

## H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth

Last week Princess Elizabeth, Heiress-Presumptive to the throne, celebrated her sixteenth birthday. To mark the occasion, she fulfilled her first public duty by inspecting the Grenadier Guards of which, two months ago, she became Colonel-in-Chief. Under their commanding officers, every battalion of the regiment was represented by small detachments. With Company colours flying, they paraded to the martial music of the regimental band with massed drums in the Great Quadrangle of Windsor Castle, finally advancing in review order to give the royal salute and three cheers for their new Colonel. In the historic grandeur of its setting, the simple ceremony was deeply impressive. The Princess was wearing a simple blue coat and pleated skirt, very similar to the costume she is wearing above at piano practice which is part of her daily routine





# WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

## Planning The War

**B**EFORE going into secret session for a further debate on the course and conduct of the war the Government last week issued a very clear statement on the machinery which has been developed during the past few years. This contained nothing particularly new. Mr. Churchill and Mr. Oliver Lyttelton had already given a broad outline of this machinery in statements made to the House of Commons in February and in March. But the ordinary lay mind still remained somewhat befogged. Now the unusual course has been taken of setting out in diagrammatic form a complete "family tree" showing the relationship between the various officers who advise the War Cabinet on strategy in the widest sense of that term. Perhaps the most interesting feature is the fact that General Sir Alan Brooke, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, is named as the Permanent Chairman of the Chiefs of Staffs Committee.

Usage and seniority had determined that Sir Dudley Pound, the First Sea Lord, should take the chair when the Chiefs of Staff hold the meetings. Sir Dudley is a first-class draughtsman. He has a skill in writing signals to our various forces distributed around the world which few can equal. But he is no longer young. The chair now passes to a comparatively young British general, who is reputed to be one of our most highly trained staff officers who has also served with distinction in the field. It will be his duty to report to the War Cabinet the conclusions reached by the Chiefs of Staff when considering either the probable intentions of our enemies or measures, both offensive and defensive, which Britain and her Allies can employ.

## Man Above Service

**I**N issuing the White Paper when they did, the Government must have taken note of a new chorus of criticism which was giving tongue in the Press. It was an old argument presented in new guise. The proposal was advanced that there should be a Supreme Chief of a Grand General Staff, able to speak and to think for all three Services. This was really just another way of saying that a great many people are dissatisfied with the course which the war has taken, and are disposed to blame Mr. Churchill, who has in practice been the head of our Grand Staff since he gave himself the style of Minister of Defence as well as Prime Minister.

The advocates of change did not say what man they had in mind for the new post which they wished to see created. Public gossip suggested that they were thinking of Lord Louis Mountbatten, who, as Chief of Combined Operations already carries responsibilities of command over all three Services. In advance of debate, the Government has revealed its own decision, namely that Sir Alan Brooke now fills the role. It is being said that this does not solve the problem, because Sir Alan, as C.I.G.S., will be always predisposed to accept the Army view as against those of Navy and Air Force when controversial matters arise. It seems to me that such criticism is ungenerous and belittles our own high sense of national service. If Sir Alan is a good staff officer and a good Englishman, he will find no difficulty in summing up fairly the arguments of his colleagues of the Navy and the air.

The only conceivable alternative would be to appoint a civilian as Permanent Chairman



## Augsburg Raider

Squadron Leader J. D. Nettleton led the first section of the Lancasters on the recent daylight raid on Augsburg. He described, on his return, how the raiders hedge-hopped across France at a very low altitude to drop their bombs on the target, a U-boat engine factory

of the Chiefs of Staff. That arrangement worked well in Cairo where Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, the Minister of State, presided over meetings of the three commanders-in-chiefs. Mr. Churchill has not seen fit to extend that experiment to Whitehall.

## Premier and United States Journalists

**L**AST week Mr. Churchill was the guest at luncheon of the American Correspondents' Association, that body of men and women who have done more than any other single agency to make the United States war conscious. It was the first occasion that Mr. Churchill had met them since he became Prime Minister,



## Agricultural Conversation

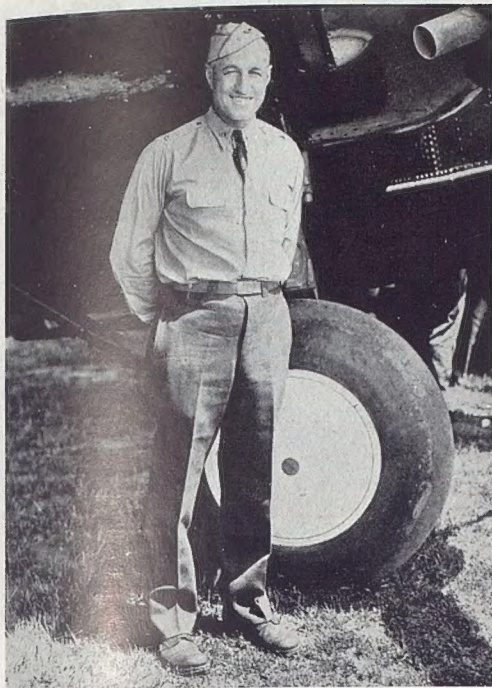
Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. R. S. Hudson, the Minister of Agriculture, were spectators at a demonstration by the Surrey War Agricultural Executive Committee, held at Winkford Farm, near Godalming. Mr. Lloyd George farms his own estate, at Churt in Surrey



## A Welcome For Sir Stafford

Sir Stafford Cripps, on his return journey from India, was joined in Cairo by his daughter, Peggy, on her way home from Moscow. They were met at the airport, on their arrival in England, by Lady Cripps and Mr. L. S. Amery, Secretary of State for India





### Brilliant Attacker

Brigadier-General Ralph Royce is the man who led the U.S. bombers from Australia on their successful long-distance raid on the Philippines. General Royce commanded the first American squadrons in France in 1917, and had as one of his junior officers Mr. John Winant, now U.S. Ambassador to Britain



### Gallant Defender

General MacArthur, seen here with his wife, was recently decorated with the Congressional Medal of Honour, America's highest military award, for his conspicuous leadership, gallantry and heroic conduct in the defence of the Philippines, and for his utter disregard of personal danger



### His Old Flagship

Rear-Admiral A. L. St. G. Lyster went to visit H.M.S. "Illustrious," once his flagship. The Fifth Sea Lord is seen walking with Captain Talbot on the flight deck of the aircraft carrier, which has been refitted in America and in Britain since suffering extensive damage from dive bombers while in the Mediterranean

although there had, if I remember right, been a luncheon at the Carlton Hotel when he was First Lord of the Admiralty. It was left to Mr. Churchill to decide whether the remarks that he made were on or off the record—a basis of the relationship between public men and the Press originated with great success by President Roosevelt. At these periodic luncheons given by the American correspondents it is not usual to have more than one guest, but on this special occasion they decided to invite in addition Mr. Anthony Drexel Biddle, Ambassador to the Governments of the Occupied Countries, Mr. John G. Winant, Ambassador to Britain, if he should have returned to England in time, and Mr. H. Freeman Matthews, Minister at the American Embassy.

I am sorry to hear that Mr. Winant has been seriously ill on his recent visit to the United States. He is a bad patient, very reluctant to spare himself from the work which engages him from the earliest hours of one day until far into the next night. I hope Mr. Winant can be persuaded to take a little better care of himself. He has been a most valuable Ambassador since he came to London in the middle of the winter blitz of 1940/41. Mr. Matthews, before he came to London recently, was Counsellor to Admiral Leahy in Vichy and has consequently been able to give us rather up-to-date impressions of developments in France.

Incidentally no note on the American correspondents would be complete without a word of appreciation to this year's president, William Stoneman, chief London correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News*. With his able assistant, Miss Helen Kirkpatrick, he has sent the best and most fearless service of dispatches to the United States—including from the battle front in France—of any. And that is saying a good deal.

### De Gaulle and Laval

It was natural that Fighting French Headquarters in London, and their representatives in Washington, should have hoped that an immediate sequel to the formation of Laval's

Quisling Government in occupied France would be recognition of an enhanced status for the French National Committee in London. When this did not follow at once, there was some disappointment. Now General de Gaulle and his followers are ready to understand that Britain and the United States would wish to concert together on their whole policy towards France. Since the Armistice in 1940, Britain has had no diplomatic relations with the Pétain Government. Washington on the other hand has had an Ambassador and a full staff in Vichy. The Ambassador, Admiral Leahy, will now be on his way back to the United States bearing a double sorrow—the failure of his diplomatic endeavour to maintain an independent spirit of resistance in unoccupied France and the Colonies, and the body of his wife, who died a few days after Laval's descent to power.

### Laying it on Thick

NOTHING has been more revolting than Laval's expressions of loyalty and gratitude and deep affection towards the aged marshal, from whose weakening grasp he has torn all semblance of power in France. There was no echoing note of gratitude or respect in Pétain's short broadcast utterance. How could there be? On the marshal's side is nothing but hatred and contempt for Laval. On the side of the new head of the Vichy Government there is only the desire to use the marshal's dwindling popularity to bolster up his own rock-bottom stock among the French people. But Laval is clever, and if he can afford to go slow and can bring back a substantial number of French prisoners from Germany, he may have a measure of success. But within the next months he will inevitably be associated with a reign of terror in France, and one would not put a high value on his length of life.

Meantime Hitler has kept up his sleeve a few possible successors lest Laval should fall. This seems a most likely explanation for the fact that Doriot, Deat and de Monzie do not figure in the new government.

### Italians Hate the Nazis

REPORTS reaching England from Italy show that the hatred of the Italians for the Germans is mounting with every week. Rapidly Italy is being brought to a starvation level by the depredations of the German troops and the officials who commandeer the bulk of all home-grown food for distribution in the Reich. Shops are practically denuded of all normal commodities of life and prices are at fantastic levels, far beyond the reach of the Italian population. This does not bother the Germans, who are plentifully supplied with lira, or can easily obtain them from the Black Bourse in Switzerland. The people are of course powerless to rise against their oppressors, and are being encouraged by Mussolini, since Laval took office, to revive their cries for Nice, Corsica and Tunis. Much good may it do them. Laval is perhaps not so stupid as to forget that the French people today loathe the Italians, even more profoundly than the Germans. His popularity would not be increased by territorial concessions to Italy at this stage in the war.

### First Bombs on Tokyo

A GRAND inquest is going on in Tokyo to establish why the first American air raid on the Japanese Islands was so successful. A serious loss of face has been involved. Bombs fell near to the Imperial Palace, the Emperor's life was endangered, the invincibility of the Japanese armed forces has been called in question. Members of the Government are having to appeal to the people not to panic and to observe how the people of Britain took their air battle. All this is very encouraging and points the way to the victory over Japan which can be achieved when the United Nations have time to give her their full attention. In the meanwhile we have it on the authority of General Sikorski, the Polish Premier and Commander-in-Chief, that President Roosevelt is fully agreed that Germany must be regarded as enemy No. 1 and that the maximum weight of united attack must be brought to bear upon her during the next six months.



# MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

By James Agate

## In Praise of Mickey Rooney

WHAT is the reason for the extraordinary Rooney-resistance of which I have been conscious for some time? Or, as we should say over here, this dead-set against Mickey not by the public, which to see him in *Babes on Broadway* filled the Empire to overflowing five times on Tuesday last, but on the part of the highbrow critics? Of this young man's technical accomplishments there can be no doubt. His sense of humour is generally conceded. His overpowering pathos in *Boys' Town* and half a dozen other films must be obvious to anybody who is not blind, deaf and dumb in the worst sense.

He sings enough to eke out Miss Judy Garland whenever the director mistakenly thinks that young lady requires eking out. He plays the banjo with a virtuosity this country knows nothing about. He is a poor mimic, and his efforts in the present film to impersonate Carmen Miranda, Sir Harry Lauder and Richard Mansfield merely show a greedy director anxious to get out of a super-willing horse rather more than it can give. Yes, there is no doubt to my mind that within strict limits Mickey is a great actor. He can keep still. He can listen. He can let you know what is going on in his mind without pulling faces. He has geniality. Nature and not the sound-director has put the tears into his voice. And he has the one quality by which all great actors are known, that you can't keep your eyes off him. Is he pocket size? Then this snub-nosed little tough is a great actor in miniature.

WHEN on Sunday last I looked in our two major papers for corroboration of this undoubted genius—to say that he has only talent just won't do—I found both our monitresses aloof, and if I may say so without disrespect, sniffy. I read Miss Lejeune and I found: "As for Master Rooney, he specifically states that there is more to life than just a song, a dance, and an encore, although I saw little evidence of it in this picture."

I am afraid this revered critic cannot have been attending. The whole point of the picture is that Mickey puts the Broadway crown aside at the instigation of his better nature. *This happens three times.*

Miss Dilys Powell, whose critical armoury is my constant envy, wrote: "It may be argued that Mr. Rooney, with his extraordinary (though to me not pleasing) talents, has for some years now had nothing to learn, except, perhaps, reticence."

Is it possible that my colleague's pen was not attending? And that what displeases its owner is not the actor's talents but his personality? To affirm that extraordinary talent can be displeasing is like denying the quality of an Irving because he drags a leg, the voice of a Tauber because you do not like his brand of smile, the clowning of a Grock because you don't like a bald head. I hasten to say that Miss Powell's slip—if it was a slip as I firmly believe—occurred in the middle of a brilliant, and sensible, argument that budding comedians in the course of a film should be shown budding and not allowed to start in full bloom.

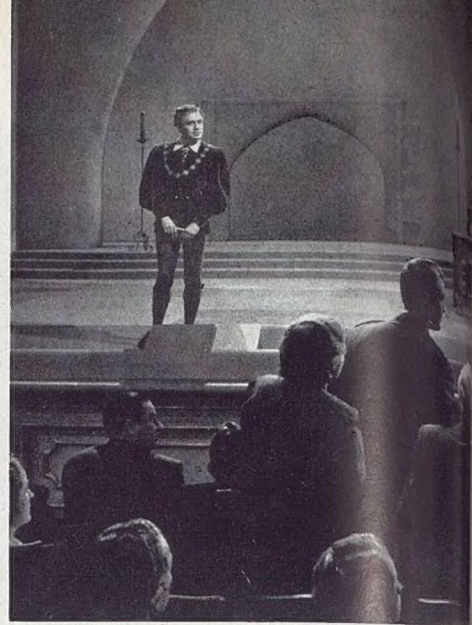
I NOW come to the statement that Mr. Rooney has no reticence. Which I deny. He has reticence when it is called for, and in marked distinction to our too numerous stage and screen actors who show only reticence when everything else is called for. Let me couple with this a sentence I received the other day in answer to a statement of mine that Rooney was one of the six best screen-actors in the world. "I cannot understand this," wrote my correspondent, "Rooney is the distillation of everything that is characteristic of the uncultured American boy." I confess that this sort of criticism makes me see red. What else were Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn? And what is wrong in the accurate and truthful presentation in an American film—and all Hollywood films are addressed in the first place to the American audience—what is wrong in the sincere presentation to Americans of the young life-blood of their nation?

HERE I want to make a point which in my view has not been sufficiently considered by our high priestesses of the fine shades. This is Rooney's power to exuberate. And to exuberate is woefully lacking in the acting world today. Here is Quintessential Boy, and perhaps the reader will care to look with me again at something G. K. Chesterton wrote on the subject:

The scene in which Trabb's boy continually overtakes Pip in order to reel and stagger as at a first encounter is a thing quite within the real competence of such a character; it might have been suggested by Thackeray, or George Eliot, or any realist. But the point with Dickens is that there is a rush in the boy's rushings; the writer and the reader rush with him. They start with him, they share an inexpressible vitality in the air which enervates from this violent and capering satirist. Trabb's boy is among other things a boy; he has a physical rapture in hurling himself like a boomerang and in bouncing to the sky like a ball.

I take it that it is the *bounce* of Trabb's boy which offends my colleagues who appear to feel as the Misses Lavinia and Clarissa Spenlow might have felt if this amazing human combustion engine had come bouncing and boomeranging into their decorous birdcage existence. In the present film Mr. Rooney exuberates more than I have ever seen him exuberate; he exudes more energy, more magnetism, more *life* than all the other characters in the film put together. But he should never impersonate.

Miss Judy Garland puts up a highly efficient performance in support, and oddly enough her imitation of Sarah Bernhardt does not entirely fail if only because somebody has told her about that stop in the great actress's voice which was half strangled dove and half mating tigress. The cutter should have been busy in other parts of the film also. There is a dreadful scene in which some pallid little English evacuees are set against the flower of young American film talent; and I resent a song exhorting Tommy Atkins to keep his chin up. This is an example of Hollywood patronage at its least bearable, and if I can sense the temper of an audience, that at the Empire resented it strongly. Give me ten minutes with the scissors and I will make *Babes on Broadway* into a little masterpiece of its kind.



The Teatr Polski is presenting "Hamlet" with Joseph Tura (Jack Benny) in the name part. As Hamlet starts his famous soliloquy, "To be or not to be," a young airman gets up and walks out. Such a thing has never happened to Joseph Tura before.

*They Died With Their Boots On* (Warner) is all about one of those episodes in the American history of the 1860's which are apt to leave English audiences a little cold. This film lasts two hours and forty minutes, but I did not find it too long. Hitherto Mr. Errol Flynn's personality has not been too pleasing to me, and I have not been able to credit him with outstanding talent. In the present picture he has been at pains to discard meretriciousness, and his acting has a greater sincerity and depth than I have yet known. If the film should prove to be too long for the general taste I suggest that the cutter should delete Miss Olivia de Havilland. We should miss this actress's charming appearance and pretty ways; the point is that General Custer's wife is not concerned with what is happening in Dakota. The director of this film has arranged for the Red Indians to leave their squaws at home. He should have insisted on the General doing the same thing.



Professor Siletsky (Stanley Ridges) is in the presence of the Nazis. He hopes to persuade Maria to join him and help him to unearth the Polish underground. At Maria's suggestion he goes to the Teatr Polski where he is conveniently bumped off and his place filled by Joseph in another of his many disguises.





Unknown to Joseph, the young airman, Lieutenant Sobinski of the Polish Air Force (Robert Stack) has gone backstage to the dressing-room of Maria Tura, Joseph's wife and leading actress of the Teatr Polski (Carole Lombard). It is only when Maria is certain Joseph is occupied on the stage that she dare receive young men in her dressing-room



One night, in the middle of Hamlet's soliloquy, Warsaw is more heavily bombed than usual. Actors and audience are forced to take cover. Down in the cellars under the theatre, Joseph continues to worry about the strange young airman who night after night leaves the theatre as he starts the soliloquy. Maria tells Joseph nothing of the young man's visits to her dressing-room

## Hamlet— With Nazi Interruptions

Carole Lombard Co-stars With Jack Benny  
in Her Last Picture

*To Be or Not to Be*—that is the title of Ernst Lubitsch's latest picture presented by Alexander Korda at the Gaumont, Haymarket, next week. Carole Lombard and Jack Benny, as Maria and Joseph Tura, are the leading actors of the Teatr Polski Company in Warsaw. Warsaw is invaded and occupied by the Germans, and the actors, burning to help their stricken country, find themselves involved in a real life drama more thrilling than any the Teatr Polski has seen. Within a few days Joseph is compelled to masquerade as four entirely different Gestapo leaders, with other members of the company impersonating every important Nazi from Hitler down. There are hilarious and melodramatic complications before the company finally reach England—in the Fuhrer's own plane



Following intensive air attack, Warsaw is invaded and occupied by the Nazis. As the leading actress, Maria receives unwelcome attentions from Gestapo leaders. An embarrassing interview with Colonel Ehrhardt (Sig Ruman) is interrupted by the arrival of one of the theatre company, Bronski (Tom Dugan), skilfully disguised as Hitler, whose triumphant entry into the city is expected at any moment, and whose presence is, therefore, accepted by Ehrhardt

Finally, their work done, the company decide to leave Warsaw. With much ceremony and shouting they demand that the Fuhrer's plane be made ready. In an official car they drive to the airport. As Hitler, Bronski gives the performance of his life. Even his fellow players are wildly enthusiastic as they shower congratulations on him in the plane which carries the company to England



The new Professor Silitsky (who turns out to be none other than Joseph in yet another disguise) gets an unpleasant shock when a member of the Gestapo calls and demands his immediate attendance at Nazi headquarters. He is forced to leave Maria alone in the professor's house. It is a dangerous moment, but Joseph is equal to the occasion and outwits the Nazis





# The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

## Full Swing (Palace)

NOVELTY for novelty's sake is a temptation the authors and composers of this sequel to *Under Your Hat* have wisely resisted. *Full Swing* is the mixture more or less as before. Hulbert and Courtneidge fans will therefore feel immediately and happily at home on the spy trail that takes them from London to Rio and back, in the company of as dastardly a dago as ever combined the promotion of wholesale sabotage with the practice of psychopathology. Moreover, in the broad burlesques that enliven the trip they will meet some near relations of old friends.

Miss Cicely Courtneidge is at the top of her form. She not only keeps the laughter of the gods uproarious, but gives mere critics much to praise. Having all the professional tricks of the trade up one sleeve, and the cosy charm of the brilliant amateur up the other, she plays as readily on the heart-strings of her audience as on their ribs. An inspired caricaturist, whether of footlight glamour or of the foibles of humdrum civilians, she can turn from bathos to pathos in the twinkling of an eye. Her versatility continues to widen, and the flavour of her fun matures.

AMONG her latest, most ridiculous studies is that of a plethoric frump, eagle-eyed but elephantine of gait, whose adipose inertia and physical flacidity are suddenly galvanised into maenad frenzy at the call of "swing." Her bijou matelot, bearded like the pard and lively as a flea, obviously ran away to sea from the same academy that expelled those gilded youths who, in earlier vaudeville days, led some to proclaim her the true successor of Vesta Tilley.

Then there is her greenery-gallery aesthete, all lyrical bunk and swooning coyness, whose addiction to the arts begins with copper-bumping and the wilder excesses of the handloom, and ends with chronic eurhythmics. And, neatest of all, perhaps, is her sheer enchantress, fathom deep in sables and black velvet, who floats among the risky splendours of a "private room," assuring her dizzy dupe that the whiteness of her shoulders is due to a popular household cleanser.

These are four of her most exuberant mockeries, all as wickedly conceived as enthusiastically projected.

When she is on the stage, one takes her surroundings for granted, having no eyes to spare. When she leaves it to prepare yet

another screamer, the fun marks time and the chorus does its devoted stuff till she returns to swell gusty laughter to the gale that accompanied her previous exit. She is a dear and nimble clown. Small wonder that gods and groundlings alike adore her.

To praise her thus is not to overlook or belittle the companionate arts of Mr. Hulbert, her perfect partner, who completes so many of her turns, and supplies independent beauties of his own. The Hulbert smile, engaging stammer, confidential approach, footlight ease and genial nattiness are all expertly and unselfishly shared with her. He sings topical patter songs with practised point, and, for old times' sake, taps out an intricate little modern cadenza with old-time grace.

A question arises: does so comparatively passive a part as that of the secret-service agent, which consists so largely of decorative fencing with false compliments, make greater or less demands on an actress than one that is more actively independent? Miss Nora Swinburne is too good an actress to give the answer away. Mr. Kenneth Kent, too, has played Napoleon too often and too well to mince the minor villainies of a mere saboteur; and Mr. George de Warfaz knows his way about too many of the best musical comedy hotels to be less than perfectly at home at the Café Rosa where the climax of the trail gives the finale its cue.

LIKE the show itself, the chorus is very well dressed. These elegant modes et robes, it appears, were designed and made before the present restrictions were imposed, and were stored in the repositories below the stage, which escaped the blitz. They have come out now as fresh as paint. Mr. Buddy Bradley and Mr. Hulbert, who arranged the dances, have seen to it that they are not wasted on the good-looking and graceful coryphées, who shimmer and swirl in the variegated limelight and shadows like the fireflies and moths of a perfect summer.

There is modish whimsy in the little incidental ballet, sentiment and swing in the "Ginger Bread Wedding." Miss Courtneidge sings with such éclat, and through all the mock heroics of the plot, cheerfulness keeps breaking in. *Full Swing*, in short, is a show that, by setting its stars so generously, is likely to keep them shining at the Palace for many moons to come.



The rhythmically pattering feet of Jack evoke admiration from Cicely. A great partnership, Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge

Sketches by  
Tom Tilt



Swathed in black velvet and sumptuous furs, Cicely goes to the villain's room in search of the missing dossier (George de Warfaz and Cicely Courtneidge)



(Left)  
The secretary supplied to Dr. Carlos by Universal Aunts turns out to be none other than Cicely. The glamorous secret agent looks on (Nora Swinburne, Cicely Courtneidge and Kenneth Kent)

(Right)  
Sally, the girl who under the spell of the villainous Dr. Carlos, unwittingly helps the traitors (Gabrielle Brune)







*Judy Campbell Knits in Her Park Lane Flat*

## Berkeley Square Nightingale Perches in Park Lane

Once upon a time a nightingale sang in Berkeley Square. It might have passed unnoticed had it not been for Miss Judy Campbell, who gave the news to the world. Judy was born in 1916 at Grantham, Lincolnshire. She comes of old theatre-loving stock, for her father owned several theatres and cinemas and her brother was actually born in one. Judy was "discovered" by Major Eric Maschwitz when she was playing with the Liverpool Repertory Company in *Spears Against Us*. Eric Maschwitz was at that time engaged in the Censorship department and in his spare time working on a revue, *New Faces*. He asked Judy to join his company. Judy, who had never had a singing lesson in her life, was given the "hit" song of the show. She is now appearing in Lillian Hellman's *Watch On the Rhine*, produced by Emlyn Williams at the Aldwych Theatre, with Diana Wynyard, Anton Walbrook and Athene Seyler. It is a straight part; "my greatest break ever," Judy describes it



*Judy Has a New Song, "Pal Joey." Is it Another Nightingale?*

*Photographs by Pictorial Press*

*Going through Some Old Favourites*

*Keeping Fit and Supple Means Exercise*

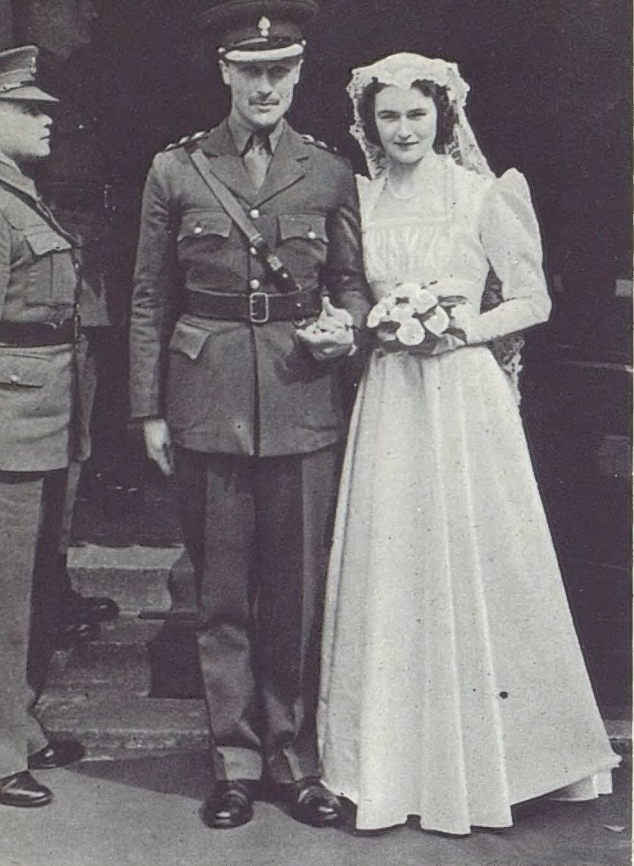
*A New Picture is Hung by Judy*





# Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country



**Captain and Mrs. George Thorne**

Captain George Thorne, Grenadier Guards, and Miss Juliet Peel were married on April 18th at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks. Captain Thorne is the second son of Lieut.-Gen. A. F. A. N. Thorne and the Hon. Mrs. Thorne, and his bride is the only daughter of the Hon. George and Lady Agnes Peel, of Blount's Court, Reading. The reception was held at 6, Stanhope Gate



**Captain and the Hon. Mrs. M. C. Watson**

The Hon. Sybil Berry, fourth daughter of the late Lord Buckland of Buelch, and of Lady Buckland, of Woolton House, Newbury, was married on April 18th to Captain Michael C. Watson, 17th/21st Lancers. He is the son of Major and Mrs. Colvin Watson, of White Colne, Essex

## Birthday Ceremonial

PRINCESS ELIZABETH's sixteenth birthday, with the stirring and magnificent ceremonial of H.R.H.'s inspection of her Grenadier Guards, as Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment, was a royal and splendid occasion to mark the wartime coming-out of the Heiress-Presumptive. The secret had been well kept, and the photographs of the young Royal Colonel, showing her as a rapidly growing up and self-possessed person, were a surprise to most people. With the age-old grey walls of Windsor Castle and the smooth lawn of the Castle Quadrangle as a setting, the ceremony lacked nothing of the picturesque, save for the absence of the scarlet tunics and black bearskins of a peacetime Guards parade.

After the parade there were more birthday celebrations of a lighter kind, when the Princess gave a party to all the officers and men of the regiment, with an entertainment by Tommy Handley and his company. Because there was not very much room, and because she wanted every man on the parade to see the show, the Princess asked many of the Court officials to stand down and waive their right to be present—a little act that shows she has the same characteristic thoughtfulness for others that distinguishes both her parents.

## Private Dance

A FEW days before her birthday, Princess Elizabeth went to a dance at the private house of an old friend, of her father's with her sister, Princess Margaret. It was a very jolly affair. The Princesses have both been present at the small dances which the King and Queen have given on various occasions during the past two years for officers stationed in the neighbourhood. There is none of the old-fashioned ceremonial associated with a Court ball at Buckingham Palace at these affairs, and the King and Queen and the Princesses, with any other members of the Royal Family who happen to be present, take the floor as and when they wish, dancing with perhaps a score of different partners during the evening. This is what happened at the first private dance given by Princess Elizabeth herself last week.

## Stag Party

THE KING made one of his rare evening appearances when he drove from Buckingham Palace to No. 10, Downing Street to dine with the Prime Minister. It was a "men only" affair at No. 10, and the King remained with Mr. Churchill and one or two other very important people, whom the Premier had asked to meet him, until a late hour, doubtless taking advantage of the opportunity for an extended discussion of the war situation and its recent developments. Much the same subjects were discussed by the King when he was host at another small but extremely important party, this time at luncheon at Buckingham Palace, when General George Marshall, Chief of the U.S. Army Staff, and Mr. Harry Hopkins, President Roosevelt's man-in-charge-of-munitions, were his Majesty's guests.

The King finds mealtime talks an excellent method of time-saving, and General Marshall told friends after that he had been completely charmed by the King's friendly manner, as well as very much impressed by his thorough grasp of the situation and his realistic way of viewing affairs.

## Unlucky Tavistocks

THE Tavistocks have really had a run of bad luck. First of all they were involved in a motor accident, when, with Lord Tavistock at the wheel, they ran into an unlighted "island," and Lady Tavistock, besides suffering from concussion, had several teeth damaged. Now the latest is that both of them, and the baby, have had jaundice! Lady Tavistock says that she will never believe now that jaundice is not catching, for first her husband got it; then the precious baby, who is the important heir to the Dukedom of Bedford, and then she got it herself, and has been laid up for nearly a month: when she telephoned to me from Pink Cottage, where all the family are now convalescing, she was still in bed.

## Chester Square Wedding—

TWO weddings on the same day make things a bit difficult when one wants to attend both. Fortunately, though the churches were



**In a London Street**

Lady Diana Tiarks, wife of Mr. Peter Frank Tiarks, was photographed in uniform with the Marquise de Casa Maury outside a London hotel. The Marquise was formerly the Hon. Mrs. Dudley Ward, and is the mother of Mrs. Robert Laycock and Mrs. Tony Pelissier



**In the Park**

Sir John and Lady Latta were out walking in the Park in the recent fine weather. Sir John was created a Baronet in 1920. He and Lady Latta have two daughters, Mrs. Phillip Spence and the Comtesse de Cramayel



distant, the receptions in this case were quite close. I was able to dodge between the Dorchester and 6, Stanhope Gate, and see what was doing at both. At the Dorchester there was Lady Buckland receiving innumerable relations and friends after the marriage of her fifth and last unmarried girl, the Hon. Sybil Berry. The bride's uncle, Lord Camrose, gave her away, and her other uncle, Lord Kemsley, made a humorous speech after the cake was cut. Her groom, Captain Michael Watson, said, "Thank you" in a pleasantly informal way. I saw lots of Berrys: there was Lady Mary, in beige tweed and a dinky turban in red and beige, with her husband; the Hon. Oswald Berry, in R.A.F. uniform; Lady Hélène Berry, wearing one of those American schoolgirl hats way back on her head, with her husband, the Hon. Lionel Berry; and the Hon. Diana Berry very attractive in a mixture of light and dark blue, who came with her father and Viscountess Camrose. Lady Kemsley's tall figure could not be missed, and her sulphur gloves were very smart with dark blue. Another young-married was the Hon. Mrs. Cooper-Key (the Hon. Lorna Harmsworth that was), well wrapped in a mink coat. Her baby son, born in February, is to be christened in London shortly.

#### —And Another at the Guards' Chapel

THEN just across the road was the reception after the marriage of Miss Juliet Peel to Captain George Thorne, at the Guards' Chapel. Lady Agnes Peel was in peacock blue; Princess Romanovsky-Pavlovsky, a cousin of the bride, was with her husband, wearing a pretty little hat massed with marguerites; and the Countess of Enniskillen, just over from Ireland, was greeting many old friends. The Hon. Mrs. Rochfort Maguire came from Sussex to see her niece married, and Countess Beauchamp, wearing a jaunty, Spanish-looking brown felt hat, was another of the family I saw.

#### Christening

ANOTHER Berry affair was the christening of Lord and Lady Huntly's daughter in Aberdeen. Lady Huntly was a Berry, and her husband is the Premier Marquess of Scotland, with a lovely list of titles—Earl of Enzie, Earl, Viscount and Baron Aboyne, Lord Gordon, Lord Badenoch, and Lord Beldrum—it is as the last that he sits in our House of Commons.

The Bishop of Aberdeen and Orkney (Dr. Deane) and Provost Kinnell officiated. There had to be proxies for the godparents, as the ceremony was in Scotland—Mrs. Charles Irvine represented Miss Ghislaine Dresselhuys, Mrs. Ronald Strutt and Mrs. David Niven (who was Miss Primula Rollo before she married the film-star). Lady Huntly's youngest brother,

Mr. Anthony Berry, was proxy for the godfathers, Captain Lord Adam Gordon, Lord Huntly's brother, and Major David Gordon, Lord Aberdeen's nephew.

#### People in London

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE CLARK were out having a drink one evening. He is in the Welsh Guards, she was Miss Lavinia Shaw-Stewart, and has unusual beauty. All the usual people were around, others cropped up on leave.

Lady Carolyn Howard was in black, with a red bow in her hair, and a red scarf; Sir John Philipps, on the point of going back to Pictou Castle, in Wales; his sister, Baroness de Rutzen, who, having learnt all about factory work by personal experience, is very interested in the welfare side, on which she is hoping to work in Pembrokeshire; and Baroness Anne Marie Winterstein Gillespie, with whom she has been sharing a flat.

Also about were Mr. Daniel Sykes, brother of Sir Richard of Sledmere; Mr. Algic Langley, Mr. James Pope Hennessy, the writer, now working at the War Office; Captain Noel Annon, also at the W.O. (as its inmates jauntily call it); and Mrs. Roddy Thesiger.

#### At Night

LADY SEAFIELD was out dancing with her husband, Mr. Derek Studley-Herbert, and Lady Evelyn Patrick sat with them. She has a daughter just grown up, and looks very like her sister, Lady Phyllis Allen.

Mr. Teddy Lambton, in the Life Guards, was there; his father is Mr. George Lambton, the trainer. Major Geoffrey Phipps-Hornby's was a cheerful face: he is well known as a polo-player and point-to-point rider, and used to hunt all over the place, especially in the Blackmore Vale, where his home is.

Mr. Brian Howard and Mrs. John Rayner, Lord Monsell's daughter, came in together, and Messrs. James Willson and Christopher Schofield were two of the young Guardees.

#### More Weddings

CAPTAIN MARCH-PHILLIPS and Miss Marjorie Stewart were married at the Church of Our Lady of the Assumption and St. Gregory. She is the daughter of the late Sir Francis Stewart and Lady Stewart, of Kennet House, near Newbury, and she was given away by her brother, Mr. A. D. M. Stewart. Brigadier Colin McVean Gubbins was best man.

An Air Force wedding was Wing Commander P. H. Hugo's to Miss Angela Seeds. He is the famous South African D.F.C., and the guests of honour at the reception at the May Fair

(Concluded on page 152)



#### To Marry in June

Miss Betty-Anne Jardine Taylor was a bridesmaid at a recent wedding, when she was photographed with her fiancé, Lieut. Edward Latham Baillieu, R.A., youngest son of Sir Clive and Lady Baillieu, of Parkwood, Englefield Green. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Leslie J. Taylor, of Woodhay, Windlesham, Surrey



#### Married in London

On April 11th at St. James's Church, Spanish Place, Captain Eric Astley Cooper-Key, The Royal Norfolk Regiment, married Miss Prudence M. E. Mathews, youngest daughter of Sir Ronald and Lady Mathews. The bridegroom is the only son of Captain A. D. C. Cooper-Key, D.S.O., R.N., and Mrs. Cooper-Key



#### Lansdowne Wedding Party

Greta Gynt, the Norwegian stage and film star, married Lieut. Anthony Orchard in London a short time ago, and the wedding party was at the Lansdowne. Lieut. Orchard is in the Royal Sussex Regiment, and his bride is now playing in "Whitehall Follies"



#### "Full Swing" First-Nighters

Lieut.-Commander Lord Gifford, R.N., and Miss Faith Bennett went to the opening night of the new Hubert-Courtneidge show at the Palace Theatre. Lord Gifford, who served in the Navy in the last war, now works at the Admiralty and Miss Bennett is a member of the A.T.A.

Swade



# People in the News



*Florence Desmond and Her Adopted Son, Michael*

Florence Desmond and her husband, Flt. Lieut. Charles Hughesdon, have a farm at Pollards Cross, Saffron Walden. Young Michael is keenly interested in all that goes on, and in the picture above he is watching his adopted Daddy put an unruly calf back into its stall. With him is Florence Desmond and his constant companion, the farmyard cat, who, we are told, has a large number of "enemy raiders destroyed" to her credit.



D. R. Stuart

*Leslie Banks and His Land-Girl Daughter, Virginia*

Virginia Banks has been a hard-working member of the Women's Land Army for the last two years. She works in the Duke of Marlborough's garden at Blenheim. She was photographed with her father, the well-known stage and screen star, at Oxford recently. Leslie Banks has been speaking at Warship Week meetings all over the country. He will be seen shortly in a new film, "They Came in Khaki"



*Back in London After Three Years' Absence*

Lieut. Douglas Fairbanks was photographed at the American Embassy in London. He served in the Naval Reserve before the war, and as part of his war effort has undertaken to be financially responsible for three small hospitals for Balloon Barrage and A.A. crews at Plymouth, Southampton and Portsmouth. "At the moment," he says, "I am too busy to think of making films"

*Sonnie Hale and His Rabbits*

Sonnie Hale has a rabbit-farm down in the country at his Hampton home. He has a land-girl, Miss Green, who helps him to look after his ever-increasing family—which, at the time of writing, numbered about sixty—but when he is at home, he enjoys feeding the rabbits himself. At the moment Sonnie Hale is appearing in "The Maid of the Mountains" at the Coliseum, with Elsie Randolph, Malcolm Keen and Davy Burnaby







#### Mr. Robert Bernays, M.P., and His Bride

Mr. Robert Bernays was married on Saturday last in Bristol Cathedral to Miss Nancy Britton, a Senior Commander in the A.T.S. Miss Britton is the daughter of the late Mr. George Bryant Britton, who was Lord Mayor of Bristol in 1920-21, and represented East Bristol in the House from 1918 to 1922. Mr. Bernays, who is forty years old, recently resigned his post as Assistant Regional Commissioner for Southern Civil Defence in order to join the Army. He has been the Member for Bristol North since 1931.

Anna Zinkeisen  
Makes Models

The Marchioness of Willingdon opened an exhibition of models, the work of Anna Zinkeisen, at a Knightsbridge store. Lady Willingdon is the widow of the late Lord Willingdon, a former Viceroy of India. Anna Zinkeisen is a well-known portrait painter. She is the younger of the two very gifted Zinkeisen sisters.



#### New Zealand Tribute to a Gallant Pilot

Mr. W. J. Jordan, High Commissioner for New Zealand, presented a cigar and cigarette case to Mrs. Douglas Bader, the gift of the War Amputees Association of New Zealand to her husband, Wing Commander Douglas Bader, the famous legless pilot, now a prisoner in Germany. The case was made by a disabled soldier, and offered as a tribute to Wing Commander Bader's undaunted spirit and courage.



#### Doris Zinkeisen Draws for Doctors

Doris Zinkeisen, sister of Anna, is in private life Mrs. Grahame Johnston. She has a studio in St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, where she specialises in drawing medical subjects for record purposes and for surgeons who are writing books. Her private work includes a portrait of General Neil Ritchie, seen in this picture of the artist at work.



# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

N OBLE but, as usual, a trifle beefy we found the broadcast of the bicentenary performance of Handel's *Messiah* the other night. But it was harder, we gather, on a sensitive tympanum in pre-war days, when 20,000 roaring vocalists used to get together in the Crystal Palace and bellow those hallelujahs till they cracked the glass.

Nobody has ever explained to us satisfyingly why Handel had his first performance of the *Messiah* in Dublin. As Wilde's Canon Chasuble said about the chap who wanted to be buried in Paris, it seems to show no very serious state of mind; for though Dublin in the 1900's was a brilliant little modern Athens, crammed with wits and poets and thinkers and bursting with culture, Dublin in 1742 was pretty pin-headed and frivolous, people tell us. The occupying English garrison and its friends did their best to ape the frolics of the *beau monde* of St. James's, and the natives were slaves. It may be Papa Handel's idea was to slip out of rehearsal while everybody was sweating on the top line and enjoy a couple of days with the Galway Blazers or some other hell-for-leather hunt. Or he may have been meditating an Irish opera and wanted to brush up on those begorras and bejabers and asthores you find everywhere except in Ireland. Or maybe he just had a long-standing date with the boys in the back room at Davy Byrne's. A fat lot you care, as we regretfully perceive. Does nothing interest you but women?

## Afterthought

IF we told you Handel actually had a date with Peg Woffington at the stage-door of the Crow Street Theatre, and that Garrick rushed up and socked him one, after which Handel and Peg and Garrick all eloped in a balloon to Monte Carlo you'd sit up, no doubt. Faugh!

## Island.

ONE of the Fleet Street boys praising Malta recently (and nobody can praise that dusty little home of piety and pride too often, if you ask us) had obviously been not only at somebody's Eno's—it was a fine full-blooded piece in Metro-Goldwyn Baroque—but at the *Encyclopædia Britannica* as well, for he knew all about the great four-month siege of 1565 by the Turks, which we don't, for one.

However, we find he was wrong about Grand-Master Jean Parisot de la Vallette, who doesn't stand on the defence-works any more looking out to sea. If you see him at all, which is rare this side Paradise, he's using pick-and-shovel on them and working like a navvy, as he did in May 1565. Just a point, noted locally. Another is that Malta doesn't look dazzle-white in moonlight, as by day, but a pastel blue, like the Whistler nocturne of Valparaiso, very beautiful; but as it took us a long time and involved a lot of trouble and oaths from an



"Sorry—but it's wanted by the Athenæum.  
We're sharing with them now"

artist chap before we could see it blue, we won't make an issue of this. A third point is that Malta goats eat tin cans first, as hors-d'œuvre, just as stockbrokers eat caviar and booksy girls eat human flesh (and maybe tin cans as well for all we know. Are those babies tough!), and old newspapers last, as a savoury. A tribute to the Press, we've always thought. Few leading-articles can choke a Malta goat.

One thing more. Any goatfancier will assure you that it's devouring our leading Organs of Opinion that makes goats so powerfully stink, or think, we can never remember which, and after all the point is immaterial, as the actress said to the Brains Trust when she sat on an astral pin.

## Amulet

P UZZLINGLY, but obviously with the best intentions, a chap hired a sizeable piece of Auntie Times's advertising-space the other day to reprint *Recessional*.

The motive puzzled us mildly because Kipling—he said so himself—wrote *Recessional* in a shuddering fit, rather Oriental, to avert the Evil Eye from the Island Race, which was boasting and swaggering like hell and asking for trouble at that time (1897). In Kipling's intention *Recessional* was an amulet or good-luck charm. The Race turned it into a hymn, sang it with great feeling, and went on boasting for quite a while; but God knows we utter no frantic boast now, though maybe the foolish word is still going as strong as ever.

The third verse, studied afresh in the light of recent events, has a rather chilly ring, you'll admit:

Far-called, our navies melt away  
On dune and headland sinks the fire,  
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday  
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre . . .

It would be just like one of Slogger Morrison's alguazils to sling somebody—maybe us—in the can under 18B for this, on that fascinating "alarm and despondency" charge which can so easily be made to cover anything from a sneeze upwards.

## Cocorico

S NEERING at our wellknown terror and hatred of hens, which he stigmatises as "un-English," a reader in the so-called Silent Service asks if we include bantams. We certainly do not, Heaven forbid.

(Concluded on page 142)



"Miss Hartley, show this gentleman our spring collection of ties.  
He has one coupon to dispose of"



# "One of Our Aircraft is Missing"

—But the Crew is Now Known to be Safe



Frank Shelley, the aircraft observer, is an actor in peacetime. His adventures in Holland give him experience in many parts. Here he is as a Dutch frau (Hugh Williams)

With the co-operation and advice of the Air Ministry, the Admiralty, the War Office and the Royal Netherlands Government, Michael Powell has produced and directed another great epic picture, worthy follower of his *49th Parallel*. *One of Our Aircraft is Missing* is the story of the crew of a Wellington bomber forced to bale out over Holland after raiding Stuttgart. Their adventures in Holland, the admiration of the Dutch for the R.A.F., and the help these brave people at the risk of their lives give our boys under the very nose not only of the German occupation but also of their own quislings, makes a stirring story which ends with the escape of our men from a North Sea port and their final rescue by the British Navy from a German rescue buoy. The story is based to a great extent on actual secret information received by the Royal Netherlands Government in London and is dedicated to the memory of five brave Dutchmen of Oud Beyerland who, in the summer of 1941, were executed by the Herrenvolk for assisting in the escape of a British air crew



Five of the crew of six manage to join up after their individual descent by parachute. They are discovered hiding in a wood by four Dutch children. The children tell their schoolteacher, Els Meertens, who speaks English. She arranges for the men to be taken in a covered cart to the nearest farm. The sixth man, Bob, the wireless "op.," loses his way, but he, too, is aided by friendly Dutch, who bring him and his comrades together again before they finally set off for England



Disaster nearly overtakes the British airmen when Dutch quisling De Jong (played by Robert Helpmann, the Sadler's Wells ballet dancer) guesses their presence in the home of the Burgomaster (Hay Petrie, Godfrey Tearle and Robert Helpmann)



Sir George Corbett, fifty-five-year-old ex-soldier with plenty of gongs, a man who prefers to do his own fighting to a comfortable seat in Whitehall, is the aircraft's rear gunner (Godfrey Tearle)

Reaching the coast, the six airmen, now reunited, are met by Jo De Vries, who leads them to a cellar where she has a row-boat in which they get away to sea. As Jo de Vries, Googie Withers, who is by birth half-Dutch, has her first dramatic role. Beside her on the stairs is Eric Portman, who plays Tom Earnshaw, second pilot. Behind Portman is Bernard Miles as Geoff Hickman, the front gunner





## Standing By ...

(Continued)

One of our closest rural chums is a very young bantam-cock named "Old Q."; after a famous Marquis of Queensberry, for he is the spitting image of that wicked old Regency buck in his later stages, battered, swaggering, cynical, utterly dissipated, superbly jaunty, and forever cocking an eye at the fillies. All bantam-cocks have this enchanting Regency air. Why Rostand, who stuck every other known breed of cock into *Chantecler* (incidentally taking five rhymed acts to say what a thousand farmers' wives have said in a single sentence, namely, that a cock seems to think the sun gets up on purpose to hear him crow) missed out the Bantam with his obvious dramatic possibilities we can't imagine. A very tiny but fearless little actress with slim, slightly bandy legs and a passion for crowing could play him perfectly. They could keep her in

a covered basket while she was off-stage, or maybe keep her in a covered basket anyway. (A box is normally better for keeping little actresses in, because they can't dart roguely glances through the interstices, but a basket is more humane for carrying them round, and the railways accept them as Class 2 livestock.)

Why bantams possess a raffish and perpetual charm while ordinary fowls are merely evil and menacing bores we do not know, and if we did it mightn't be suitable, maybe, for Naval ears.

### Surprise

A RECENT yell from Goebbels in his paper, entitled "This Paper War" seems to reveal that *paperasserie* is driving helpless Boche industrialists as hopping crazy as the Whitehall kind does ours.

You'd hardly think the Boche, who is apt to remove a difficulty by shooting it in the stomach, would stand Bureaucracy's infuriating little games as meekly as we do. Perhaps a lot of their efficiency is a legend

## Bruce Bairnsfather in Northern Ireland

The Creator of "Old Bill" Visits the American Army



"Yeah, this is a 'peep.' Maybe you'd like me to take yer some place so you can see what it can do over rough territory?" (No answer)



"If you use too many eggs, Mary, I shall have to ration you"

like their philosophy, which sounds so darned impressive chiefly because the elephantine grace of the German language forces them, as somebody has said, to employ three times as many words to express a given thought as any one else. This thick obscurity like cloudy beer, fooled the Victorians and knocked Slogger Carlyle bowlegged with awe and adoration, but it fools nobody outside Germany nowadays. Why philosophers of any kind look like apes, and often have the same disconcerting habits, is a question one would hesitate to put to the Royal Society, yet the answer is very simple. It is a punishment for excessive vanity, spiritual pride, *hubris*. Philosophers are also, like Nietzsche, damnably fooled by women, but find consolation, we understand, in meditation and scratching themselves.

### Loss

A SWEDISH business man who attended the Leipzig Fair has been describing it to his playmates as rather dull. And no doubt the business men who travelled to Leipzig Fair in sealed railway carriages and prowled uneasily round Leipzig under the Gestapo's eye looked pretty dull also. Leipzig Fair has always been dullish, a cosmopolitan—nay, daredevil—publisher once told us. But no duller, we guess, than what remains of the world's other great ancient fairs. Nijni-Novgorod has lost its huge merry glitter. Tavistock Goose Fair is death. Gingerbread Fair (Paris) doffed its charm centuries ago. Neuilly Fair is a ghost, the fair at Sorotchinsk can no longer inspire Moussorgsky, Barnet Fair is perfectly foul, Brigg Fair's intoxicating sadness now remains only in Delius' tone-poem, and for many generations there hasn't been a fair in St. Petersburg (or anywhere else) like the one in *Petrouchka*.

The bowler hat is, in our desperate view, chiefly to blame, for this as for so many other present evils. Dress *Petrouchka*, the Charlatan, and the Moor each in a bowler hat and reach-me-downs and see if their gambols would thrill you! In a post-war world drained of—among other things—colour this loathsome hat will undoubtedly continue to be an æsthetic and spiritual menace until it is worn gilded and plumed. And even then it will look like hell.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



# Officers on the Staff of the Royal Canadian Air Force Overseas Headquarters in London

## *Air Commodore W. A. Curtis, D.S.C. and Bar*

Air Commodore Curtis is the Deputy Air Officer-in-Charge of the Royal Canadian Air Force. Since the days of the last World War Air Commodore Curtis has been keenly interested in flying. In 1915 he made application through Admiral Kingsmill for flying duties in the Naval Air Service. For four months his application was ignored, so he joined the 99th Battalion, Essex Fusiliers. While going through a course at the Officers' Training Corps in London, Ontario, he heard that his application for flying training had been accepted, and he subsequently transferred to the R.N.A.S. As a member of No. 10 Naval Squadron, he was awarded the D.S.C. Six months later a bar to that decoration was added. In the days of peace that followed, Air Commodore Curtis kept up his interest in aviation. He was one of the founders of the Toronto Flying Club. In 1932 he became second in command of No. 110 Squadron Auxiliary Air Force. In 1935 he assumed command. In 1938, with war clouds ahead, he was promoted to the rank of Wing Commander in charge of Ontario squadrons at Toronto, Hamilton and London. In June 1940 he became Group Captain, and in the following April was posted to No. 2 Service Flying Training School at Uplands, Ontario. His posting to the Royal Canadian Air Force Overseas headquarters in London came in November last, when he followed Air Vice-Marshal Harold Edwards to become Deputy Air Officer Commanding. His wife and children are in Toronto.



## *Colonel Harold Fowler, of the United States Army*

It is only recently that Colonel Fowler was sworn into the United States Army at the American Embassy in London and granted the rank of Colonel. The ceremony was attended by Air Vice-Marshal Harold Edwards. Colonel Fowler is already well known as Director of U.S. Personnel at the R.C.A.F. Overseas headquarters in London. Previously he held the rank of Group Captain, and it is as a Group Captain that he is seen above. Colonel Fowler was born in Liverpool of American parents fifty-five years ago. Before he was six months old he was taken home to New York City and later educated at Cutler School and Columbia University. His varied career includes cowpunching in Texas, prospecting in the Yukon and exploring and big-game hunting in Alaska, the Far East and Africa. He is an enthusiastic horseman and is well known in the hunting field, both in this country and Ireland. He is an amateur rider of great skill and twice rode his own horses in the Grand National. This is the second war in which Colonel Fowler has transferred his services from British Empire to the United States forces. In 1914 he resigned his post as secretary to U.S. Ambassador Walter Hines Page in London and joined the Royal Flying Corps. He served in France throughout the war, with the exception of a brief tour of duty in East Africa. In 1917 he entered the U.S. Air Force, and at the time of the Armistice was Commander of the Third Army Air Force. He holds the C.M.G., D.S.O. and M.C. (British), the Distinguished Service Medal (U.S.) and several foreign orders. His home is at Far Hills, New Jersey.

Photograph by Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.



# Wartime Reality and Fantasy

London Show-girls and Slaveys  
in New York Theatres



The daily newspapers bring stories of overnight death and destruction. Back-stage, two of the show-girls read the news while waiting to go on. On the left is Gertrude Musgrove, in private life Mrs. Vincent Korda, Merle Oberon's sister-in-law, who plays the part of Judy, based on the real-life experiences of Joan Jay of the Windmill.

Romance comes into the story with the love of song-writer Tommy for Rosalind; an unhappy romance, for Rosalind falls for the handsome airman, Paul Lundy (Richard Ainley), and Tommy takes to drink. (Romney Brent and Margot Grahame)



There are nights when the ferocity of the attack on London makes it impossible for the girls to sleep back-stage. In the New York production, the girls in the dressing-room. Judy, the central figure in the picture above, is, before the end of the play, (Joan Jay was actually seriously injured); and her wide eyes seem already to be

For six weeks during the worst of London's blitzes, when every other theatre was closed, the Windmill alone remained open. On its small stage, thirty-four pretty girls, their average age nineteen, taking turns to play in two alternating companies, performed night after night. Their pluck and individual adventures and heroism so fired newspaper reporter Lesley Storm that she wrote *Heart of a City*, a play now being presented by Gilbert Miller, at the Henry Miller Theatre in New York. With the exception of one scene, when the girls give a concert for the men of Bomber Command, the whole of the play is set inside the theatre, while outside the guns rattle and bombs fall from the sky. These effects are provided by actual sound-records made in London during the heaviest of the enemy attacks and taken to New York by Major Eric Maschwitz

Producer Leo Saddle gives last-minute instructions to Judy. Leo Saddle is the New York impersonation of the Windmill's manager, Vivien Van Damm. (Gertrude Musgrove and British actor Dennis Hoey, who left Hollywood to play this part)







At London's  
big community  
led by a bomb  
teaching tragedy

ndamm Studios

ers Upon Her Darling Feet"



*The Underfed, Over-imaginative London Slavey (Luise Rainer)*

Luise Rainer is making her first appearance on the New York stage, at the Music Box Theatre, as Miss Thing in James M. Barrie's wartime fantasy, *A Kiss for Cinderella*. It is the story of a fanciful drudge who imbues her policeman boy-friend with all the attributes of Prince Charming and creates from her glamour-starved little soul the unrivalled grandeur and dry humour of Barrie's *Cinderella's Ball*. As her policeman prince Luise Rainer has Ralph Forbes. Cheryl Crawford, who, with Richard Krakeur, presents *A Kiss for Cinderella*, is already known for her brilliant revival of George Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess*, at the Majestic Theatre. Catherine Littlefield, founder of the Philadelphia Ballet Company, is responsible for choreography. Both Luise Rainer and Ralph Forbes are best known in this country for their work on the screen. The Academy Award of two consecutive years was presented to Luise Rainer for her work in *The Great Ziegfeld* and in *The Good Earth*. Ralph Forbes will be remembered as John in *Beau Geste* and for his performance in *Romeo and Juliet* with Norma Shearer





# "New Girls" of 1942

Some of This Year's Debutantes



Lady Margaret Fortescue

Harlip

Lady Margaret Fortescue was prevented by her work at a Leicestershire convalescent home from going to the Queen Charlotte's Ball, but was able to go to the Christmas Leave Ball some months earlier. She is the elder of Earl and Countess Fortescue's two daughters, and is a cousin of Lord Allendale. She will be nineteen this year.

Miss Sarah Dashwood

Bertram Park



Miss Gillian Smith

Harlip

The eighteen-year-old daughter of the Hon. Randal Vivian Smith and the Hon. Mrs. Smith made her wartime debut at this year's Queen Charlotte's Hospital Ball. She is a granddaughter of the first Baron Bicester, of whom her father is the elder son and heir, and she is a cousin of Lord Northbourne. Miss Smith has one sister, four years younger than herself.



Miss Mary Wellesley

Harlip

Miss Mary Wellesley, who is now in the A.T.S., is the younger daughter of the late Captain Lord Richard Wellesley and of Lady George Wellesley, and was born in 1915. Her father, who was the Duke of Wellington's second brother, was killed in action during the last war, and her mother, who is a daughter of the late Sir Maurice FitzGerald, twentieth Knight of Kerry, later married her first husband's younger brother, Lord George Wellesley, in New York. She has one son by her second marriage, Lieut. Richard Wellesley, R.A., who recently won the M.C., serving in the Middle East.

Left: Miss Sarah Dashwood, only daughter of the Premier Baronet of Great Britain, Sir John Dashwood, and of Lady Dashwood, is seventeen, and would in peacetime have been a debutante of 1942. Her parents' home is beautiful West Wycombe Park, in Bucks., part of which is now a convalescent home for officers' wives. The Dashwoods have two sons, Francis and John.



# The Irish Grand National



## Prince Regent Wins the Big Race

Tim Hyde, who rode the winner of the English Grand National in 1939, rode Mr. J. V. Rank's Prince Regent to victory in this year's Irish Grand National at Fairyhouse, Co. Meath. Second and third places were won by Miss Paget's Golden Jack and Miss M. O. Mathieson's St. Martin



## Experts in Conference

Captain Gerald Dunne and Viscount Adare discussed the prospects of the race in the saddling enclosure. Captain Dunne is a member of the Irish Turf Club, and Lord Adare is the Earl of Dunraven's son and heir



## Rating Conversation

Mr. Shaw Taylor, a well-known Irish owner, chatted between showers to Mrs. Maguire, wife of the Hon. Mr. Justice Conor Maguire, President of the Irish High Court, at the Ward Union Hunt Steeplechases

Photographs by Poole, Dublin



## Steeplechase Spectators

The Marchioness of Kildare, wife of the Duke of Leinster's son and heir, was at Fairyhouse with Mr. Eustace Duckett, Hon. Secretary of the Carlow Hounds, and Miss O'Malley, who is a follower of the Killing Kildares



## Married Last Year

Lieut. J. E. H. Minchin was at the Ward Union Hunt Steeplechases with his wife, who was formerly Miss Nancy McGillycuddy. Lieut. Minchin is in the Prince of Wales's Dragoon Guards



## In the W.A.A.F.

Section-Officer Mrs. Raymond Grace, W.A.A.F., is the wife of Lieut. Raymond Grace, son and heir of Sir Valentine Grace, Bt., who is in the Inniskillings. She is the daughter of General Sir Robert St. Clair Lecky, of Ballykeale, Co. Carlow



## Golfing Racegoer

Miss Dorothy Pearson and Baroness von Livonius were prepared for showers at Fairyhouse. Miss Pearson represented England for many years in international golf, and won the English Ladies' Close Championship in 1933

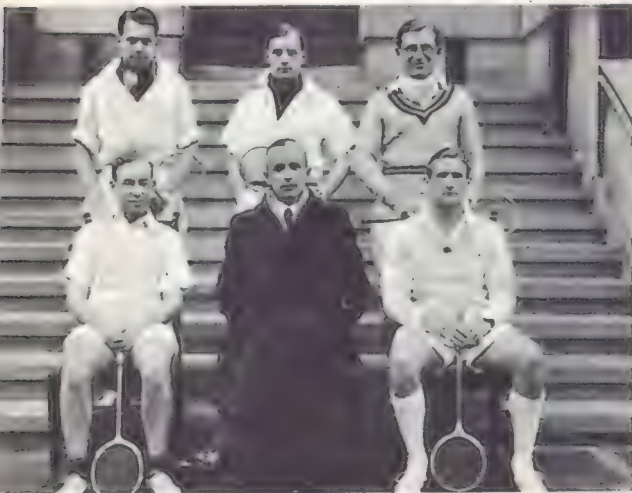




D. R. Stuart

### Tennis Exhibition in Aid of Sailors' Fund

Miss Margot Lumb and Miss Jean Nicoll gave an exhibition in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors at Winchmore Hill. Miss Nicoll, the table tennis champion and English international, beat Miss Lumb, the Squash rackets champion and Wightman Cup player, by 6-1, 6-4



### Guy's Hospital Squash Rackets Team, 1942

The Guy's Hospital Squash Rackets team have beaten St. George's Hospital, but were defeated by the Middlesex Hospital and United Services. Standing: P. B. Maxted, F. R. C. Manning, W. I. Lewis. Sitting: A. B. Shein (captain), Mr. J. B. Blaikley, President of the Guy's Hospital Squash Rackets Club, and G. Hildick-Smith



D. R. Stuart

### United Services Squash Rackets Team, 1942

The United Services Squash Rackets team, captained by Lieut. Gerald Paule, R.N.V.R., who won the championships of Ireland and France in 1939, have won fifteen of the sixteen matches played this season. Standing: Lieut. H. J. Dagnall, R.N.V.R. (Fleet Air Arm), and Pay. Sub. Lieut. R. F. Whitton, R.N.V.R. Sitting: Lieut. R. G. Forbes-Bassett (Military Police), Lieut. S. G. S. Paule, Pay. Lieut. F. V. Harrison, R.N.

# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

### "Information"

TWENTY divisions of second-class troops, made up of doddering old men and immature youths, who have hardly been dismissed the square, and Germany's best general appointed to the command! I suggest that this does not add up! If it emanates from the authors of that thrilling romance, *Selling You a Pup*, or *Three Ships Went a-Sailing*, there is every reason why it should not add up. Fifteen minutes' time-lag might have been understandable; fifteen hours was not, and there was only one explanation possible.

### Revised Fairyhouse

LIEUT.-COL. HILL-DILLON has kindly written to me telling me that the Fairyhouse course has been altered since I saw it in 1931, when I happened to be in Meath. He says in his letter: "Although you do not actually say so, you appear to me to infer in your article in this week's TATLER, that the Irish Grand National is run over a course with natural ditches and banks. This was the case until shortly before this war, when the course for the Grand National and the Maiden 'Chase was altered, so that only ordinary steeplechase fences and 'regulation' open ditches are jumped. After passing the stands, the horses take a new course inside the old one, and at the top of the hill, where they rejoin the old course and where the up-bank stands, a new regulation open ditch has been built alongside it. The old course is still used for the other races. The alteration was made as it was felt that a race of the importance of the Irish Grand National should be open to all comers, and that having banks and natural ditches might rather tend to confine it to Irish-trained horses and those hunted in Ireland."

### Colts that Bloom in the Spring

IT has happened ere now that later on the season, with a shorter time and fewer opportunities for cogitation, we have got to make our minds much more quickly than is usual as to what is what and which is which. The Derby (June 13th) is not so very far off, and compelled as I am to write this before I have had a chance of seeing Big Game or Sun Chariot in their first races as three-year-olds, it is a bit cramping. The only one of any note upon which to build anything at the moment is Lord Derby's Watling Street, who has had an interrogation mark after his name since his pranks in the Middle Park Stakes, on October 9th. He was then backed down to even money, but practically took no part in the race, because he was what they called too "frolicsome" at the post. I suggest that on that day he was a bit too precocious and cheeky, which is to say thinking of everything excepting his work.

### A Reformed Character

WATLING STREET showed no signs of inattention to business when he won the one mile Shelford Stakes at the Craven Meeting (April 16th), and he did not resent being ridden to beat Gold Nib half a length. This last-named colt gives us a line to the Middle Park Stakes, because he finished three lengths and a short head behind his Majesty's flying filly, Sun Chariot, who won with her ears cocked from the then unbeaten Ujiji, from whom she was only getting the 3 lb. sex allowance. This might work out that Watling Street and Gold Nib are one and the same thing, and that even if the former had not been too full of himself on Middle Park Stakes day, he would not have won.



### The Unbeaten Malta Command H.Q. Rugby XV.

Unbeaten in more senses than one, this team has been bombed on two occasions while on the field. The fifteenth man, Corporal Mint, R.A.S.C., was in hospital when this photograph was taken; he was wounded by a bomb splinter while playing. Front row: Capt. J. G. Pyper, R.A.M.C., Capt. T. D. S. McMeekin, A.I.L.O., Ldg. Tel. W. S. Barron, R.N. Centre: Capt. W. C. Ramsay, R. Sigs., G.O.C. J. T. Lloyd, A.I.L.O. (Match Sec.), Major-General D. M. W. Beak, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., G.O.C. Major J. Body, D.A.Q.M.G. (captain), Capt. J. M. Barber, R.A.M.C. Back row: Flt. Lieut. J. Hall, R.A.F., Capt. J. H. M. Stennett, R.A., Capt. J. H. St. G. Hamersley, R. Sigs., Capt. G. K. F. Holden, R.A., Major E. R. M. Bowerman, D.A.D.Q.S., F. K. Duncan, R.N., Lieut. M. J. W. Smith, A.D.C.





D. R. Stuart

### Officers of an R.A.F. Bomber Group Training Flight

In this group are: Plt. Off. A. Parsons, Plt. Off. J. L. Birbeck, Sq. Ldr. M. Stephens, D.F.C., and Flg. Off. L. Ricketts. Sq. Ldr. Stephens was a well-known big-game shot before the war. He was reported missing after taking part in the chase of the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau.



### The Officers of a Famous Horse Artillery Battery in England

Front row: Capt. S. M. Cinn, Capt. J. S. MacNaghten, Major P. R. C. Manser, Capt. D. W. H. Birch, Lieut. H. S. Langstaff. Back row: 2nd Lieut. C. D. Earle, 2nd Lieut. J. Godwin, Lieut. A. C. Hobson, Lieut. J. Peyton-Jones, 2nd Lieut. E. Sammons, 2nd Lieut. R. S. Marshall.

Paramount may give the industrious another line. He was unplaced in this race at the Craven Meeting just referred to, but he was giving Hyperides 9 lb. when he ran second to him at Newmarket's "Goodwood" meeting last season. If there is anything in a name, Watling Street ought to prefer a long trip, for that old Roman road runs a great way over England. The Official Handicapper has said that Watling Street is only 3 lb. worse than Sun Chariot (top weight, 9 st. 7 lb. in the Free Handicap), and 2 lb. worse than Big Game, and that he is 5 lb. better than Gold Nib. There was nothing like 5 lb. between them on April 16th. There are plenty of sums to keep even the loneliest warrior from getting that browned-off feeling! And there are lots more, if you want them.

### Hyperides

THIS is the colt which they say may be a second Blue Peter, Lord Rosebery's 1939 Derby winner, and there are those who assert that, until any of this year's three-year-olds have beaten him fair and square, they need not think about the Derby. Here is how Mr. Fawcett rated the present notabilities when they were two-year-olds: Sun Chariot, 9-7; Big Game, 9-6; Watling Street, 9-4; Mah Iran, 9-3; Ujiji, 9-1; Hyperides, 9-1; Umballa, 9-0; Gold Nib, 8-13; Paramount, 8-1. As already suggested, Gold Nib and Paramount furnish interesting clues. At the moment, nothing has had any chance of a tilt at Hyperides, and therefore we know nothing more than that two of the notabilities, Big Game and Watling Street, did beat him quite good and hearty last season. We also ought to remind ourselves that Priscilla dam of Hyperides is by Phalaris, whose stock are smashers up to a mile, but an interrogation mark beyond that. In the Champagne Stakes at Newbury at the end of August last, Big Game won by a short head from Watling Street, and Hyperides was two lengths away, third. So what can we do but wait and see whether Hyperides is the king-pin his friends say that he is? We have only this two-year-old form. Some advertised Derby betting reads like this: 5-1 Sun Chariot; 6-1 Big Game; 7-1 Watling Street; 8-1 Hyperides. We do not yet know whether Sun Chariot is to be reserved for this race and miss the Oaks.

### The Burman

AN old friend of happier times, whom I have called "M.B.R.A.", for he was once a mountain Gunner, "smokin' his pipe in the mornin' up in the mountains cool, him in his old brown gaiters, along of his old brown mule," is as sick about Burma as anyone else who has ever known that picturesque and attractive land—and this is said, despite the fact of its climate, which, personally, I have always rated quite abominable; but then, I was only a bird of passage. People who have lived there get to like it, just as do the chaps who are stationed

at Aden. "M.B.R.A." writes me: "It was grievous to read of poor old Rangoon being looted, bombed and burnt. What a good, cheerful place it used to be in the old days, lots going on, and plenty of good fellows everywhere; no hot weather clear out, as in India. Mandalay was not much of a place, barring the old palace and one or two Kyaungs and pagodas; all the houses very flimsy, and no protection against blast or splinters. Of course, the south-country Burman has thrown in his lot with the winners, and swallowed all the Japanese propaganda, hook, line and sinker, in his usual fat-headed way; every man to be invulnerable and to have unlimited loot and a district apiece to 'eat.' Tharrawaddy, in particular, was always a troublesome district, as the old Burmese kings used to deport all their bad hats there, for some reason known to themselves. The actual Burmese troops seem to have either bolted or deserted to the enemy, at which I am not surprised. They should never have been enlisted, but the Kachins, etc., seemed to be standing firm. [These must be the troops now fighting well.—"S."] They hate the Burman like poison, having had some of him in old days." As to what "M.B.R.A." says concerning the yarns put about for Burmese consumption by their fellow Buddhists that they would be invulnerable to even the most modern bullet, Mahatmas and other propaganda merchants did the same thing on the Tibetans when we went there in 1904. The disillusionment, when they saw their dead, was not inconsiderable, but, like the fat-headed Burmans, they at first believed it.

### "The Rock"

THE anniversary number of this enterprising publication from "Gib.", which is run by the troops for the troops, has just reached me. It is dated March 1942, and I felicitate the editor, permanent staff, artists and other contributors upon their very bright and versatile child. I am sure that it does its bit most nobly and efficiently in shooing-off the boggy of boredom, from whom we know that all hands on the Rock must be suffering—at any rate temporarily. I like the picture on the cover. It is of two warriors, and the legend is: "Blimey, Bill, don't you think they have overdone this tunnelling?" In the background is the Rock completely scooped out! Nice work, comrades!

In happier times, "Gib" is far from an unpleasant station, as there is always something afoot, and in the winter it is foxes and racing! The Calpe Hunt is over 120 years old, and claims descent from some hounds bequeathed to the garrison by the Duke of Wellington. The bulk of his pack, however, went to what has since those days been known as the Pau Hunt. The point, I know, has been disputed, but, quoting from an interesting article which was published in *The Horse* in 1930, I excise this passage: "Be this as it may, it is a fact that, in the

early years of the last century, Gibraltar swarmed with foxes, who did much damage to the gardens and poultry of the inhabitants. Despairing of military help, the sufferers appealed to the Church. They did not do so in vain, for a sporting chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Mackareth (who was quite as much at home in the saddle as in the pulpit), together with a young subaltern, Mr. Ralph, procured a couple of hounds from England. At first, their activities were limited to the stretch within the garrison itself, from Europa Point at one end to Landport at the other, a distance of less than three miles. As soon, however, as the French troops were withdrawn, additional coverts were available in the adjoining country, and the pack was expanded. In 1814 this increased to thirty couples."



### The "Red Rower" Partnership at Prestbury Park

Fred Fox (ex-champion jockey) gives a word of advice to the joint owners of Red Rower, Lord Stalbridge and Lady Sybil Phipps. Lord Stalbridge trains his own horses at Eastbury, near Newbury, but Red Rower, who ran second in the Cheltenham Gold Cup last month, is trained by Ivor Anthony at Wroughton, Wilts. Lady Sybil Phipps is the Duchess of Gloucester's sister



# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## Royal Destiny

SOMEONE said, by way of cheering me up in the course of the nastiest air raid I have yet been in: "Well, there's one thing—we do live in interesting times!" The next detonation then shook our house. When silence occurred again, I heard myself saying with a tartness induced by extreme fear: "They'll be a good deal more interesting when they're over!" And this, I still think, holds true of all the convulsions that have shaken the world.

History in the making is not pleasant, when it is being made right on top of one. Nor, truthfully, can it be said to be interesting—for interest implies some degree of detachment, and some hope of getting the general plan of the thing. The events of to-day are much too close up—which is not only painful but confusing.

It is the historian's business to give the past the design and significance that to-day lacks. Perhaps it is comforting to reflect that out of our present chaos history will emerge. The comfort we get from this idea may account for the rather general wish to read history now. There is a still greater demand for historical biographies—for these link history up with individual lives. Immense events, that have changed the course of the world, left their mark, their sometimes terrible mark, on contemporary men and women. But more—these events often had their start in some small and apparently private thing: in some individual man or woman's fantasy, passion, whim, fear or obstinacy.

To Catherine of Aragon's heroic obstinacy, to her husband, King Henry the Eighth's desires and arrogance, the English Reformation is to be traced. Behind the King's break with Rome there were other urgent forces and currents; there was the question of the balance of power in Europe; there were royal rivalries, diplomatic intrigues. One may say that the Reformation, as part of England's growth, would sooner or later have come anyhow. But as things did happen, the start of England as a Protestant nation came from a human predicament—a wayward king who no longer wanted his wife.

The name, and roughly the story, of Catherine of Aragon has been known to us since our schoolroom days. But perhaps to many of us—to me certainly—she had kept the flatness of a paper figure. While deprecating her husband's callousness to her, one may have shared his view that she was uninteresting. Mr. Garrett Mattingly's *Catherine of Aragon* (Jonathan Cape; 18s.) cannot fail, I think, to correct this. To his biography of the unhappy queen he has brought both imagination and scholarship. The result is the portrait, from her infancy to her lonely death, of a

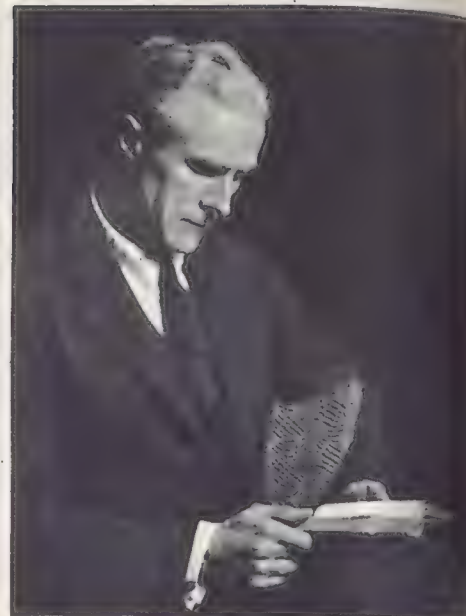
Renaissance woman, a woman innately royal, whose ideals we respect, whose too brief happiness we delight in and whose troubles we share.

Catherine's conception of royal duty was to mould her life. She saw herself as a princess, then as a queen, before she saw herself as a girl or a woman. To her, born as she was, Christian behaviour and truly royal behaviour might have been said to be synonymous. To both she made the sacrifice of her own feelings. For she saw royal birth not as a privilege, but as a call to ascetic selflessness.

## Daughter of Spain

CATHERINE'S education had been as severe as her birth was high. In her parents' marriage, the crowns of the two Spains had been united. Her father, Ferdinand, was King of Aragon; her mother, Isabella, was in her own right Queen of Castile. This Queen Isabella exercised every power over her own realm, and was a strong influence over her royal consort in his ruling of Aragon. She was almost fanatically devout. At once amazon and scholar, she gave her four daughters the education of princes, and instilled into them the ideal that was to dominate Catherine. The primary duty of the Spanish princesses was to form, or else to consolidate, by their marriages important alliances for Spain. To this selfless, if gorgeous, destiny Catherine and her sisters were brought up.

Ferdinand and Isabella's one son, Juan, died tragically just after his marriage. The crown of Spain was thus to go, in the end, to Catherine's



Sir Eugen Millington-Drake Fayer

Sir Eugen Millington-Drake, whose knighthood was announced in the New Year Honours List, is now on his way to South America to take up his duties in promoting British cultural relations with Latin America. Sir Eugen was formerly Counsellor of the Embassy in Buenos Aires and British Minister for several years in Montevideo. One of the most dramatic incidents of his career must be his successful three-day battle against the German Minister to see that the Graf Spee left Montevideo Harbour within the time limit. In 1920 he married Lady Effie Mackay, youngest daughter of the first Earl of Inchcape; they have four children, two boys and two girls.

nephew, child of her sister Joanna (called "the Mad"). This boy (grandson of the Emperor Maximilian I.) also became the Emperor Charles V. Thus (while Catherine was Queen of England) the fortunes of Spain became linked up with those of the Holy Roman Empire.

The Court in which the young princesses grew up was always on the move about restless Spain. They were betrothed just out of their infancy, and each, when hardly into her teens, was posted off, forlorn but dignified, to the royal husband awaiting her. Widowhood meant a prompt remarriage: the alliance-value of a princess must not be allowed to go to waste.

England was young Catherine's destiny. Still recuperating after internal strife, the country was ruled by the parsimonious and calculating Henry VII. to whom, in 1502, the advantages of a Spanish alliance were evident. The fifteen-year-old Catherine arrived (still limp from a protracted and ghastly sea voyage) with an appropriate dowry and a host of Spanish retainers, to be the bride of Henry VII.'s heir, the very delicate Arthur, Prince of Wales. Catherine was pretty, with bright hair, graceful figure, vivid clear-skinned face and small hands and feet. She was prepared to take a romantic view of her boy bridegroom, for she had been brought up (among other heroic romances) on the Arthurian legend, and liked the name.

(Concluded on page 152)

## CARAVAN CAUSERIE

I WONDER why the cultured have always been at a discount in the scheme of man's reckoning? Politically speaking, they are such a small minority that politicians ignore them completely. They cannot be incited; they cannot be cajoled. The masses, conscious, perhaps, of the intellectual and aesthetic superiority of these few, openly deride them. They are a very lonely company in the world as it is now constituted; living lives within themselves; often never finding each other.

The war has hit them very hard. Yet, indeed, they were hard hit before it ever started; for they are not of the mechanical era in which perforce they have to live. A new addition to the collection in the National Gallery fills them with livelier curiosity than the news of a lately-invented super-bomb. Metaphorically speaking, they strive to drown the din of this mechanical age by the best music; to escape the rather awful propinquity of modern life, which mechanical science has made possible and is so welcomed by the majority, in solitude; to surround themselves in art and music and literature as by a kind of barrier; to think and to ponder and thus unconsciously to remain outside a world which thinks so little and ponders never at all. They seek to make life beautiful as well as utilitarian—since utility without a sense of beauty is a dreary convenience.

The desecration of the lovely countryside was to them an outrage; the vulgarisation of life and conduct a sign not so

much of freedom as of something ignoble—more deadly than mere sin. What they are doing in this modern world it is difficult to say, since they so palpably do not properly belong.

Writing symbolically, the vast majority of people have small use for someone who cannot see full justification for swinging the classics for the sake of a new dance-tune; or speaking of love and joy at a bottle-party. They are so out of the world that the world imagines it can do without them very well.

And yet I sometimes hope that these truly cultured folk will one day save civilisation, if civilisation is to mean anything other than main drainage and wages, for no matter what soul- and mind-numbing aspects of work such wages are given and accepted. If it be ever possible to combine the best of Greek culture and ideals with mass-production and cheap transport, then perhaps they will come into their own. But maybe that is a combination beyond human attainment?

Thus Napoleon and Wellington will remain household words long after Lister and Pasteur are forgotten, and any road-house more thought-provoking than the loveliest Roman remains. And these are only symbols of a mental attitude. Even if all the best non-mechanical minds migrated to an island, some great nation would surely claim it as a possible island fortress. So maybe the voice crying in the wilderness was merely the voice of beauty and of peace, of Divine creativeness and of Divine values?



# Getting Married

## The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



**Dean—Pratt-Barlow**

Ralph Dean, son of the late Cyril Dean and Mrs. G. Dean, of Ankerwycke Priory, Wrybury, Bucks., and Natalie Pratt-Barlow, daughter of Major and Mrs. R. A. Pratt-Barlow, of Dukes, Rudgwick, Sussex, were married at Brompton Oratory



**Marriott—McClure**

Henry Joseph Llewellyn Marriott, son of the Archdeacon of Bermuda and Mrs. Marriott, of the Rectory, Paget, Bermuda, married Doreen Elizabeth McClure, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. B. McClure, late of 7, Devonshire Terrace, W., at the Savoy Chapel



**Wilson—Chevenix-Trench**

Roderick Peter Garratt Wilson, son of Sir Roy and Lady Wilson, of Wood End, Pyrford, Surrey, married Dorothy Anne Chevenix-Trench, younger daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Arthur Chevenix-Trench, of Sandilands, West Byfleet, at St. Nicholas Church, Pyrford



**Boney—Long**

Lieut.-Colonel Knowles Boney, R.A.M.C., president of the Medical Board, Southern Command, Salisbury, married Major Hilary Long, R.A.M.C., daughter of Mr. S. W. H. Long, of Beckenham, at St. Dunstan's-in-the-West Church, London



**Warfield—Organ**

Sq.-Ldr. E. A. Warfield, R.A.F., elder son of the late E. Warfield, of Horns Cross, Devon, and of Mrs. Walker Darling, of Cirencester, and Diana Mary Organ, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Drew Organ, of Broomwood, Boar's Hill, Oxford, were married at St. Helen's Church, Abingdon



**Drysdale—Dunlop**

Captain Alasdair M. Drysdale, The Highland Light Infantry, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. W. Drysdale, of Barnhill, Milton, Dumbartonshire, married Carol Dunlop, second daughter of the late A. L. Dunlop and Mrs. Dunlop, of The Crossways, Helensburgh, at the Church of the Holy Rude, Stirling



**Godfrey—Hildesley**

Pilot Officer Peter Godfrey, R.A.F.V.R., youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred A. Godfrey, of St. Martin's, Hove Park Road, Hove, married Betty Pauline Hildesley, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Trevor I. Hildesley, of St. Annes, Gabelson Avenue, Brighton, at St. Mary's Church, Brighton



**Astley-Cooper—Jervoise-Collas**

Patrick G. Astley-Cooper, elder son of Colonel and Mrs. C. G. Astley-Cooper, of Abergeldie, Camberley, and Audrey Jervoise-Collas, younger daughter of Major and Mrs. D. Jervoise-Collas, of Ardwick Cottage, Farnborough, Hants., were married at Farnborough Church



**Phillpotts—Bowden**

Lieut. Christopher Louis George Phillpotts, son of Admiral and Mrs. E. M. Phillpotts, and Vivien Chanter Bowden were married at St. Luke's Church, Chelsea. She is the daughter of the late H. A. V. Bowden and Mrs. Bowden, of Hove, Sussex



## SOCIAL ROUND-ABOUT

(Continued from page 137)

were his aircraft crew. The bride is a V.A.D., and was given away by her father, who wore Home Guard uniform.

## Dining

PEOPLE dine out and dance as freely as ever; the big mirrors at the Lansdowne were reflecting some interesting ones lately, while Tim Clayton's band thudded merrily.

Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten were there; the Duke of Rutland, up from Wiltshire, where he is stationed; Lord Northampton; the recently married Lord and Lady Errington; Lady Beatty; Sir Thomas Cook, M.P.; Sir Frederick Peek; Lady Devitt, Lady Ropner, Count Salazar, and Will Hay, the comedian, with a party.

## About

LORD GLENCONNER was having some oysters late one evening—what will be their place on the new five-shilling-maximum menus? Will they soon be included in the Points system at a controlled price? Mrs. Pat Gamble was another person enjoying some of the last oysters of the season, another time. She was Miss Hilary White, and has lovely big green eyes and dark hair. Her husband is a son of the late Dean of Exeter. A twenty-first-birthday party which has had to be postponed is Mr. Derek Stanley Smith's—he has mumps, a maddening thing when grown up. Wearing corduroy trousers and a cardigan on Sunday morning in Chelsea was Miss Constance Cummings, heroine of *Skylark*. Chelsea is a favourite home for actresses—Miss Beatrix Lehmann has a flat there, and so did Miss Mary Alice Collins until it was blitzed.

## Nepalese Reception

NEW YEAR'S DAY in Nepal is on April 13th, and this year is 1999 to them. They celebrated its arrival at the Legation in London. The Minister here is General Sir Singha Shumshere, and, it was a decorative as well as amusing party, with Indian saris adding colour. Diplomats from all countries—America, Yugoslavia, China, Russia, and so on—were there. And, too, Sir John and Lady Anderson, Sir John Monk, Sir Frank Newnes, Mr. and Mrs. Attim-Attari, Mrs. John McBride and Mrs. Cowan Dobson.

Mr. Cowan Dobson painted the portraits of Sir Singha's predecessors, Sir Krishna and Princess Krishna Shumshere (a prevailing name). The Princess is a sister of the King of Nepal, and the two portraits hang in the Palace. The Cowan Dobsons, who have been living in Edinburgh, plan to return to their London studio in June. He has been very busy painting people in Scotland, and is just finishing a portrait of the Lord Provost, Sir Henry Steele.

## Thé Dansant

MRS. JOHN EDEN recently organised a party in aid of Comforts for the Navy, and the Alexandra Day Fund—which was represented by Mrs. Leslie-Morhead, who had a big table. There were so many people there that two rooms were used—one for tea and the other for the various entertainments, like clairvoyants, tombola and bridge.

Admiral Sir Edward Evans of the Broke and Lady Evans were there, and also at Mrs. John Eden's naval table were Mrs. A. V. Alexander, the Norwegian Minister and Mme. Colban, and Mrs. Lawton Matthews.

A jolly time was had altogether, and a worth-while sum of money was raised.



Another Gift from America

Mrs. Drexel Biddle, wife of the U.S. Ambassador to the Allied Governments, presented a mobile canteen for feeding school-children in rural areas to the Surrey County Council. It was the gift of the American Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs. Mr. F. M. Jones accepted the canteen on behalf of the Surrey County Council, of which he is president, and with them on the left is Miss Caroline Haslett

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 150)

For that wedding, Henry VII. opened his purse, and things were done in quite unusual style. The youth and delicacy of Arthur made it inadvisable, in the view of the Court physicians, that the marriage should for some years be in more than name. Whether it ever was consummated was the question upon which subsequent history was to turn. The childish couple started for a progress through Wales. Arthur must receive the allegiance of his Welsh subjects and Catherine, accustomed to royal tours, was delighted to go with him. At Ludlow Castle poor Arthur took sick and died.

From this death began Catherine's protracted troubles. Following precedent of remarriage, her parents urged that she should promptly be betrothed to Arthur's brother Henry—still only a schoolboy but now Prince of Wales. Intrigue surrounded this project, on all sides; Henry VII. now thought his son might do rather better, and also, for a marriage of this nature, a papal dispensation had to be obtained. It was obtained—but procrastination and hedging, that lasted for seven years, made a humiliating situation for poor Catherine. Squabbles went on about her dowry; she could trust no one, for they were all plotting; everyone kept her short of money and she lived like a poor relation at the English court. Her shares rose and fell with the changes in Spanish power. In this ruthless play for high stakes in Europe, no one thought of the poor girl's heart.

Mr. Mattingly's book calls for close reading, for he has traced in minute detail the complications attendant on Catherine's fate. His political knowledge of sixteenth-century Europe seems to me astounding. He has, at the same time, given a lively picture of that young Renaissance court of Henry VIII.'s—an atmosphere at once gallant, hardy and poetry-loving—in which Catherine, her second marriage accomplished, enjoyed her few happy years before Henry's affections waned.

Then, the long, disgraceful, demeaning battle of the divorce, the rise and fall of the statesmen involved in it, the Pope's vacillations, the hand taken by France, by the Empire—all these are placed in effective relation to Catherine's solitary figure. (And the portrait of Wolsey is excellent.) All the bitterness Catherine never gave voice to later found its expression in her daughter—the "Bloody Mary" who was to be England's warped and unbalanced Queen. . . . Yes, the times were dreadful—bad as our own times may be, we really cannot feel that the world has deteriorated. But, then as now, we see force opposed by courage and sublime stands made for an ideal. Catherine of Aragon was more than a victim; she was a heroine.

## Civilian View

"MEN OF THE R.A.F.," by Sir William Rothenstein and Lord David Cecil (Oxford University Press; 12s. 6d.) is a beautiful, intelligent and, above all, imaginative joint piece of work. I say "joint" because the contributions of the two authors complement one another. And the two written parts make the right approach to the third—forty reproductions of portraits made by Sir William Rothenstein of the men of all ranks who make up the R.A.F. to-day.

Sir William's drawings are vitally personal and alive. From each stands out, strongly, the individuality of each of those forty men. At the same time—it may seem a curious paradox—a strange impersonality is to be found in each of the faces, giving them an underlying likeness to one another. These are fighters—who have set something higher than their own personal view of life.

In fact, Sir William has brought out, in these drawings of faces, what I suppose one might call the generic spirit of the men of the R.A.F. And this is the spirit that, in their different manners, both he and Lord David have set out to interpret in the written part of the book. The accounts they give of life with the R.A.F., whose stations they have both visited—Sir William being with the R.A.F. more or less continuously, working, Lord David paying visits from time to time—may well make a bridge (as I think the authors desire) between the airman's experience and our civilian ignorance.

Sir William's memories, which cover nearly two years, are—as is to be expected from a painter—very visual; he gives us almost a panorama of England in wartime; his style is mobile and clear. Lord David's essay has a different, a poetic and searching quality. His imagination can communicate, through his writing, its own power to be stirred. The men of the R.A.F. must have had enough of inexact and rhapsodic praise; here, in this essay, we find an appreciation—which in itself has tautness, energy, accuracy—of the qualities that do truly make these men what they are.

## Raconteur

"THE GOD WITH FOUR ARMS" (Rich and Cowan; 4s.) is another collection of short stories by Mr. T. M. Bousfield, whose *Vinegar and Cream* I greatly enjoyed. The stories in this last book are well up to expectation—in fact, I thought them still better than the others. They are compact, vivid, ingenious, nervy; they keep you on the stretch from first to last. They are hard-boiled without being smart-aleck, disengaged without facile cynicism. No love interest this time. Crookery, witchcraft and other forms of the supernatural (such as the blood-curdling Gorgon incident) are the principal themes. I liked particularly the title story, also "Violets in India," "Moving Water," "Very Comfortable" and "Green Ink"—though I do feel, with regard to this latter story, that Mr. Bousfield cheated about the end.





### "Johnnie was questioned on his way home from school"

A little chill of fear runs through the family, a sudden stillness falls upon the tea-table.

What might the little chap have said that could be twisted? What exactly was he asked? . . .

Don't keep saying it couldn't happen here! It happened last week to the little son of that nice restaurant proprietor in Brussels, it will happen to-morrow to the daughter of that jolly old fisherman at St. Malo. (And the next night Daddy doesn't come home from work.)

It will happen here—if you let it.

Put up your barrier now; a barrier of shot and shell, plane and tank, for which the eager hands reach out. Pile in your money with both hands for the one thing that matters—security.

What else can you use your money for that is one half so precious as the freedom to love and laugh and grouse out loud, as your father did before you?

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Never has there been a time when the dressing of the hair has been so difficult. Barry Wolf, The Quadrant Arcade, Regent Street, has solved the problem in a highly satisfactory manner. He emphasises the fact that the tresses he permanently waves may be brushed and combed frequently and that they can be arranged in a variety of ways. A back and front view of the same head are seen on this page. For those in the Services he advocates that the hair should be kept well away from the collar—the reason for this is self-evident. This artist in hair should be consulted in all matters relative to the scalp.



## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M. E. BROOKE



Great interest was shown in the parade of simple Utility Fashions recently held at the International Wool Secretariat. It seemed almost impossible that so much variation could be achieved. The colour schemes were attractive and all superfluous trimmings eliminated. Furthermore, the value represented was unique. Two of the models are portrayed. The dress on the left is of powder-blue wool with a brown leather belt. A fact that cannot be too widely disseminated when budgeting one's coupons is that it may be worn for several seasons. Black wool makes the Utility model on the right: it would be a welcome occupant of any wardrobe. Between fifty and sixty models were displayed, as well as lengths of the materials



# Harrods



When uniforms  
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A suit that's equally correct for town or country. Tailored in novelty check suiting, with deep inverted pleats at back and front of the skirt and a three-button jacket with flapped pockets. Hips 36, 37, 39, 40 (YS 174) 18 coupons **13 Gns.**

The grey flannel suit—always new, always smart whatever the season. The jacket of this one features pillar-box pockets—the skirt box pleats in front and an inverted pleat at back. Hips 36, 37, 39, 40, 42 (YS 175) 18 coupons **13½ Gns.**

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smocks,  
and frocks  
for boys  
and girls . . .



#### TOP

Blue or Pink striped Piqué Voile dress and knickers, beautifully smocked to waist in self and white. (7 coupons the set)

Size : 24" - -	83/-
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" 28" - -	89/-

#### CENTRE

Coloured Linen Buster Suit, bound and stitched white. (2 coupons)

For boys 2 years	32/6
" " 3 "	35/6

#### BOTTOM

White Piqué Voile smock. Smocked cherry, blue or yellow. (2 coupons)

Size : 16" - -	29/6
" 18" - -	32/6

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# BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

**D**EFENDING his client, who was charged with stealing chickens, the lawyer put up a strong case.

First, he pointed out that it had not been proved conclusively that the prosecutor had lost any chickens; secondly, the chickens found in the accused's house were not the property of the prosecutor; thirdly, the accused had provided an absolutely watertight alibi.

Then, just as the judge began to sum up, the man in the dock asked if he could say something. When permission was given, he remarked:

"All I've got to say is that I'm darned sick of those chickens. I wish I'd never seen them!"

**T**HIS story comes from America:

While Firestone, Edison, Ford and Burroughs were touring, a light and a tyre went wrong. Mr. Ford went into a store and said to the proprietor:

"What kind of lights do you have?"

"Edison," was the reply.

"And tyres?"

"Firestone."

"You may be interested to know that Mr. Edison and Mr. Firestone are in my car, and that I am Henry Ford."

As the man was putting on the tyre, Mr. Burroughs, who was well adorned with white whiskers, leaned out of the car, and the man, looking at him, said: "If you tell me you're Santa Claus, I'll crown you with this spanner!"

**T**HE man went into a restaurant for a meal, but the waitress seemed too busy to attend to him.

Eventually he managed to give his order, adding: "And I'm in a bit of a hurry. I'll be registering with the next age group."



"And if you have to bale out, pull the string—it makes all the difference."

"ANY complaints?" asked the orderly officer entering the mess room.

"Yessir," replied Private Biggs. "They've all got bigger dinners than me."

"Well," said the orderly officer, smiling at his rather diminutive form, "they're all bigger lads than you, aren't they?"

"Yes sir," Biggs agreed, "and allus will be at this rate."

**A** SOLDIER was leaving hospital to rejoin his unit. He had been very ill, but the skill of doctors, good nursing and the kindly matron had pulled him through.

As he was leaving he tried to thank the matron. "I—er—just wanted to say how much— He coughed nervously. "Yes, I—you don't know how much—"

Feeling his courage going he braced himself for a great effort.

"I wanted to—er—tell you—" Then in desperation:

"Lumme! If ever there was a fallen angel, you are one."

**T**HE teacher believed in giving her class lessons in general knowledge.

"What is this?" she asked one day, holding up a small object.

"A pay envelope," replied one small boy, promptly.

"That's right," said the teacher, "and what did it contain?"

"Money," said the same boy, "your wages."

"Very good, Tommy," she said, beaming round the class. "Any questions about it?"

"Please teacher," remarked one thoughtful child, "where do you work?"

**A** PHYSICIAN attended an old lady from Scotland who had a severe cold.

"Did your teeth chatter when you felt the cold coming over you?" asked the doctor.

"I dinna ken, doctor," was the reply. "They were lying on the table!"

## Waste Paper For Prisoners' Parcels

This is an appeal vital in its interest to everyone who has a relative or friend in a German or Italian prison camp. Waste paper is urgently needed for the cartons in which prisoners' parcels can be packed. Already 87,000 of these parcels are packed and despatched by the British Red Cross and St. John Organisation each week. This number is likely to be greatly increased as new arrangements have been made for similar parcels to be sent to British prisoners in the hands of the Japs. Each carton weighs when empty, 14½ ozs.—18 ozs. of pulped waste paper will produce one new box. Have you got 18 ozs. of waste paper to spare in your home for a prisoner of war? A parcel means so much to him.

WHAT SORT OF  
DOES THE WOMAN  
OF ACTION NEED?

The woman who has put her best foot forward on the road to victory asks three things of a shoe—That it should be *serviceable*, a trusted ally in all weathers. That it should be *comfortable*—she's on her feet, all day long. That it should be *good-looking*—she's efficient but never dowdy. All these qualities are combined in NORVIC shoes, which are as good-looking as they're serviceable, and designed on the famous principle of the Braced-Foot Fit—to ensure five-toe freedom from morn to midnight.

★ A stout serviceable shoe in brown grain.

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The fact that goods made of raw materials, in short supply owing to war conditions, are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

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SAVE YOU TIME

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starts with your Maternity Clothes, and here is a charming little Bolero Dress, which is suitable for many occasions.

In Soft Moss Crepe. The skirt is gored with sash attached, for clever concealment. The Bolero is embroidered and shows through the soft contrasting shade of the little blouse.

Complete ensemble is in one piece and requires only 7 coupons.

Navy with Dusty Pink. and Nigger with Tea Blue **8½ Gns.**

Other contrasts, including lovely pastel shades, to order

We regret it is impossible to send this dress on approval.



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Useful washing shirt in slub linen with trubenised collar. Turquoise, gold, pink or white. 3 sizes. 4 coupons. **35/-**

Tailored slacks in nigger or navy chalk stripe flannel, two jelled pockets and zip fastened. Waist sizes 26, 28, 30. 8 coupons. **69/6**  
Other trousers in various materials from 30/-

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**Age and the Aeroplane**

THE age limits for aeronautical activities are extremely narrow. Somewhere between infant in arms and middle-aged man, between the two main bottle periods of life, there occurs a moment in time during which, according to the traditional theory, the physiological tone is right for aviation. There is suppleness and sleight of hand.

Brigadier General Ralph Royce, however, took it upon himself a couple of weeks ago, to extend the going-up age limit by taking part in one of the most interesting bombing raids of the war; that made by United States Army aircraft on Japanese positions in the Philippine Islands. He did not, I gather, do any of the actual bombing himself, but he accompanied his forces out and back, and did some of the piloting. His age is generally given as fifty-one. I know of no other case in which a senior officer of this age has gone out on a long operational flight. It is a sign and a portent of undeniable importance.

If supernal superannuation no longer applies, we shall see air marshals attaining their ambition of fiddling with taps and levers and there will come into existence a body of aged men with as much knowledge of aircraft as is now possessed by schoolboys. But it seems likely that the ancient, if not tattered, aviators will confine their attention to the bigger machines.

**Fighting Fitness**

NO suggestion is made that the cockpits of fighting aircraft would be unable to accommodate the body lines of these elders of the air; but these machines have a swiftness of manoeuvre which places big loads upon the bodily organs.

What happens to the liver as a result of saturation in scotch is well known and those who have had many years in which to apply pink Gins to the system seldom remain in the pink; but these results are as nothing to those brought about by *g* which, in this case, stands for gravity and its multiples. The pilot's kidneys, it seems, fly out like the bob weights of a steam engine governor when his aircraft swings into a quick turn at

**AIR EDDIES**

By Oliver Stewart

300 miles an hour. All those convoluted coils of internal piping which lie below the midriff are squashed down into a compressed pudding of innards when the centrifugal loading goes up to 4*g* or 5*g*.

Age does not take kindly to such jostling in its insides and therefore I imagine that the single-seat fighter pilot will always be young and will possess what one of the bright *Daily Express* reporters, at the time of one of the Schneider Trophy races, described as a "cast-iron stomach."

But for the bigger bombers there does seem scope for the older man in command. Senior officers of the Royal Air Force are always anxious to go out in person, leading their operational formations; but hitherto the rules of the Service have prevented those in the higher ranks from doing so. Some have managed to get round the rules but most of these, I think, have been the comparative youths of forty to forty-five. Now perhaps the over-fifties will be brushing up their flying.

**Liquor**

IT is a comment on democracy or something or other, that in the midst of the bitterest and most tremendous war in history, when the dangers that surround us are of frightful magnitude and when the enemy is making inroads upon us in many theatres, it should be possible to raise a hullabaloo about whether W.A.A.F. Police should be—to use the horrid jargon of the equally horrid reformer—"total abstainers from alcoholic beverages."

Yet so it is. Parliament's time is wasted, the Secretary of State for Air is prevailed upon to go back on a decision he has made, orders are re-cast, fresh rules printed, the time of the House of Commons taken up

and everybody annoyed and irritated because the temperance reformer, like most cranks, puts the wind up a Minister far more quickly and effectively than Herr Hitler or the entire German General Staff. Now it seems that "total abstainers from alcoholic beverages" may be admitted to the ranks of the W.A.A.F. Police, a great victory is won—but not against the enemy.

Fun fairs have also been giving Parliament a lot of fun. The swiftness with which a personal indignation against these strange places worked up was astonishing. It is clear, at the rate, that the social reformer does not see there is a war on and that Ministers are still just as frightened of him as they always have been.

**Let's Have Another One**

ACCORDING to Oslo radio General Field Marshal Goering has been decorated with the Finnish Grand Cross of the Freedom Cross. Goering is an extraordinarily difficult kind of man to dislike and that is probably why he is so useful to Herr Hitler. But it is also the fact that his ability should not be underestimated. His fighting skill in the air war of 1914-1918 was notable and the way he has driven his aircraft production machine in this war has been largely responsible for the strength of the German air force.

It is also evident that he has a clear eye for aircraft types and can sort out the many proposals that are put up and decide on a practical and—to some extent—effective policy. In this he has been assisted by other Germans with air fighting experience. The Germans have used 1914-1918 air experience rather more extensively than we have been inclined to do. The policy of keeping to the standard type of single-seater fighter and to the medium, twin-engined bomber for most duties is undoubtedly economic so far as a country's productive resources are concerned.

Field Marshal Goering may be a funny man; but he is also a dangerous man whose ability it would be a bad mistake to under-rate.

# RANSOMES

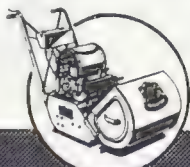
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Ransomes' Lawn Mowers have been a feature on the lawns of Great Britain in the spring time of the year for more than a century.

Spring time means cutting time and whilst the many thousands of Ransomes' machines in the possession of users will again be utilised for this service, there will be a very great scarcity of new mowers. When the very limited number of Ransomes' machines in the distributors' stocks have been disposed of, no further supplies will be available.

Until the day comes when Victory has been won and peace is restored, our message to all users of Ransomes' Mowers is "good cutting," and congratulations for having had the foresight to procure a high-class machine, which ensures long service.



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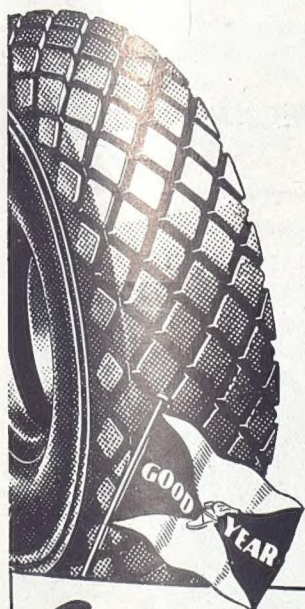
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**Maintenance** You can obtain maximum mileage from your tyres only by correct maintenance. Remember these 10 vital 'Don'ts':—

- Don't overload
- Don't under or over inflate
- Don't use badly adjusted brakes
- Don't use brakes harshly
- Don't drive at high speeds
- Don't drive fast over rough ground
- Don't have wheels out of alignment
- Don't accelerate rapidly
- Don't rub or jump kerbs
- Don't corner fast

And, Don't let your tyres go past remoulding: The strongly constructed carcass of the Goodyear tyre is highly suitable for remoulding. Goodyear remould sound carcasses in the original factory moulds.

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Higher  
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## "HERE'S A NEW SOLUTION"

says OLD HETHERS



"to a wartime problem. There's no need to tell you that lemons and the like are pretty hard to come by these days, so in order that everyone can continue to drink and enjoy my famous barley water I've hit upon a new and delicious flavouring. Guess what it is? Good old-fashioned rhubarb, which my mother used to make into wine.

And now folks are taking to Robinson's Rhubarb Barley

Water like ducks to water. So 'clean' and refreshing, it is, without a trace of bitterness.

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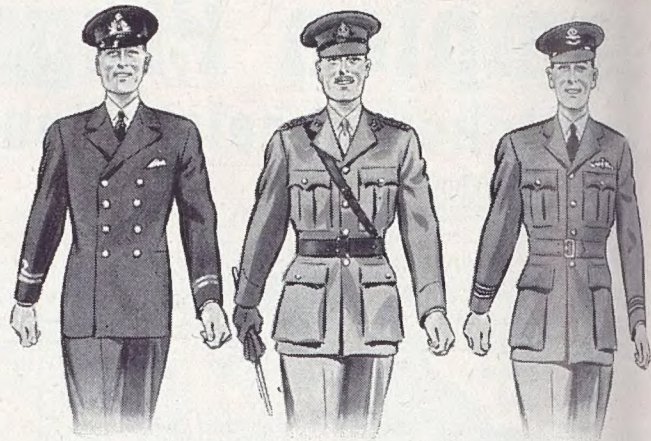
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Jacket .. ..	£7 7 0
Trousers .. ..	3 3 0
Greatcoat .. ..	10 10 0
Raincoat .. ..	5 5 0
Cap, without badge .. ..	1 17 6
Cap Badge .. ..	1 8 6
Shirt .. ..	10 6
Shoes .. ..	1 17 6

##### ARMY

Tunic .. ..	£6 15 0
Trousers .. ..	2 15 0
Greatcoat .. ..	10 10 0
Trenchcoat, with detachable fleece lining ..	6 16 6
Service Cap, with badge ..	1 18 6
Forage Cap, with badge ..	1 7 6
Shirt, with 2 collars .. ..	16 6
Shoes .. ..	1 19 6

##### AIR FORCE

Tunic .. ..	£6 15 0
Trousers .. ..	2 15 0
Greatcoat .. ..	11 11 0
Raincoat .. ..	5 15 6
Service Cap, with badge ..	2 6 6
Forage Cap, with badge ..	1 8 6
Shirt, with 2 collars .. ..	17 6
Shoes .. ..	12 6

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**OLD SCOTCH WHISKY**  
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FLASK

Unsurpassed in quality although  
restricted in distribution by scarcity  
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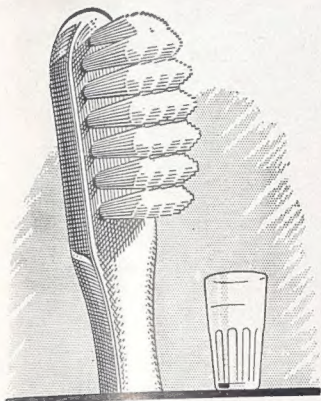
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You say you don't want to be bothered with all sorts of shapes, sizes and prices?

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They found the one perfect size that would reach every corner and crevice of your teeth.

92 dentists out of every 100 consulted said Tek was the most efficient toothbrush ever made.

You say you sometimes can't get a Tek when you want one?

Well, that's just part of the war. But if you try hard you'll succeed.

**Tek** MADE IN ENGLAND  
Plus Purchase Tax **2/-**

**BRISTLE or NYLON**

Made and guaranteed by  
JOHNSON AND JOHNSON (Great Britain) Ltd.,  
Slough & Gargrave



Scarce  
BUT WORTH HUNTING FOR!



3d. each  
including Purchase Tax

"Eclipse" Blades (now made only in the popular slotted pattern) are not easily obtainable nowadays, but perseverance is amply rewarded in clean and comfortable shaving. The best results are obtained with an "Eclipse" Razor—3/3 and 5/6, including Purchase Tax.

Obtainable only from usual suppliers.  
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*Coats*

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W. O. PEAKE LTD  
21 Hanover Street, W.1  
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Also at NEW YORK, MONTREAL & MELBOURNE

Thank goodness we always bought  
'Viyella'  
it lasts and lasts and lasts



WILLIAM HOLLINS & CO LTD  
DAY & NIGHT WEAR  
VIYELLA HOUSE NOTTINGHAM  
REGISTERED TRADE MARK

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**A charming  
Two-piece  
... one of our  
Small Size  
Specialties**



Attractive Jumper and Skirt  
in fine wool, with diagonally-tucked  
jumper fastening with pleats at  
side. The skirt is slightly flared at  
back. In black, navy and a few good  
colours. Three small  
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